RANK AND FASHION;

&c. &c.

VOL. II.

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RANK AND FASHION!

OR THE

MAZES OF LIFE;

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"SATIRE—NOT MALEVOLENCE."

BY MR. FRERE.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

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THE



MAZES OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VINTAGE.

SOME time after his return to town, weary of incessantly beholding the same objects, he thought in good earnest of taking a trip to France, of which country he had heard so much and seen so little, and whither numbers from these Islands were daily flocking, after the second return of

Louis and the conclusion of the treaty of Paris.

The rival nation in arms, in arts and literature must ever be an object of curiosity to any liberal minded Englishman: but, in order to view the French people unobstructed, to see and to judge for himself, he adopted a method which we recommend to all those whose motive for the journey is similar to his own. He declined making up one of a party, proceeded leisurely, avoided the principal roads, and reached Paris by a circuitous rout, sometimes messing at tables d'hote, sometimes faring more sumptuously in hotels and, now and then, taking his meal and bed in a *Cabaret du Village*, freely mingling with whatever company he should chance to meet.

Those whose love of good living should deter them from venturing on such an ex-

cursion, we can assure that, wherever they roam, they will hardly fail to meet with the produce of the dairy, good poultry, eggs, excellent bread, wholesome palatable wine and kind usage. Moreover, their abstinence from more costly viands will have the effect of preparing for them a keener relish, on their return to the luxuries of the table. A portion of the *savings*, thus obtained, may be bestowed upon some unfortunate, meritorious, dwellers in those districts in which they have tarried, as a grateful acknowledgment for the increase of health and gaety they will have acquired ; and where, with much greater probability, they will meet with such adventures as the one following.

On the flowry banks of the Aisne, a few miles below Rethel, at the extremity of a pretty hamlet, chiefly

composed of small proprietors, stands the neat dwelling of Joseph Tourville. He had been a soldier, but, prefering the satisfaction of cultivating his own acres to the glory of devastating those of others, he returned home, his principles undebauched by the licentiousness of a camp, and his heart still faithful to his first love.

Fair and exhilirating was the morn that brought on the wedding of Joseph Tourville with Manon Sorglie. The invitation was general, the parish hailed it as a holy day, and every guest, in consequence, was *endimanché de son mieux*. Our Hero, whose devious tract had brought him to the spot the day before, was also included in the invitation.

Start not, Reader, at the somewhat unceremonious civility thus shewn to a stranger; consider you are not now knock-

ing double and triple raps on the outer doors of any great house in the British Metropolis, where access to the master can be obtained but through the medium of porter and footmen, and where no access is allowed, unless names be known or business previously specified. We have brought you out of the beaten tract of travellers to a little society, whose manners are much nearer to those of a primeval state. The members of which, instead of denying admission, solicit the honor of giving it, chiefly on such a festive occasion as a wedding day.

Domville saw the ceremony performed, and the sight affected him. The altar was decked out in all its finery. Festoons of flowers hung from the cross in the centre and, in graceful folds, twined round he *chandeliers* on each side; flowers were

also profusely scattered from the entrance to the steps of the altar. The Bride and Bridegroom, arrayed of course in their gayest suits, had each an enormous bouquet stuck in front; indeed a nosegay decorated the breast of every one present. One would have supposed that all the Parterres, for miles round, had been stripped of their pride for the occasion. The dress of the officiating Ecclesiastic alone, corresponded with the religious solemnity of the Sacrament;* but, above all, the impressive, yet benign, manner of the man, reduced to a proper feeling the too mundane hilarity of the congregation.

As they entered and left the church, Tourville's attentions to his bride, perhaps, to a stranger, excessive, yet altogether not unbecoming, seemed the product of real attachment. She was pretty and en-

* The Catholics contend for *seven* Sacraments.

gaging; he rather tall, slender and well made, and had much of the French soldier in his gait and manners. His share of the national vanity was discernible, even in his courteous demeanor towards his wife. A Frenchman's gallantry is as much a gratification to his self-love, as it is a compliment paid to the object.

A difference, rather sexual, marked the felicity expressed on the two countenances.—The one was open, expansive and looked without thoughts of an abatement—the other more concentred, more timorous, already sought to devise means of ensuring stability. Care and œconomy could be traced in the occasional, thoughtful, fixedness of her eye: and one might well prognosticate *que la Fiancée deviendrait bonne Menagére.*

To the smilling habitation of the Bride-

groom they now repaired; and, by one o'clock, all sat down, *les Menétriers* of course not omitted, to an abundant dinner, substantial as soup, bouillie, a few ragouts, poultry, fish, game and an enormous meat pye with abundance of vegetables could make it: the desert was plentifully supplied with all the fruits of the season. The pitchers were again and again filled with tolerably good wine, yet hardly any one trespassed much beyond the limits of sobriety. Tourville, by his cordial manner of doing the honours of hospitality, appeared desirious of making every one of his guests as happy as himself. Yet such a wish could hardly be realized; for, in the present moment, he was, in his opinion, the richest man in France: rich in the possession of the best of wives, and rich in the possession of the best of *Vignobles.*

In the success of the last mentioned acquisition he had reason to rejoice, because, on the produce of that plantation, the future subsistence of both in a great measure depended.

To-morrow was the day fixed for the beginning of the vintage: a more luxurious crop of grapes was seldom seen; indeed our Traveller much relished the specimens, both black and white, that were served up. For the furtherance of the story we must inform the Reader, that our new Benedict was somewhat of an *Innovator.*—Not in Religion nor in Politics. God forbid that the effect intended from this little, rural, tale be marred by the introduction of discordant topics. His whole innovation consisted in a deviation from an agricultural custom.

The *Metairie* he had acquired by pur-

chase, during the sale of the national domains, had never been a plough farm; yet it was diversified with hillocks well adapted, he thought, for the propagation of the Vine. On those small hills he planted his stocks. They throve and flourished beyond expectation. This bold attempt (for the country for miles round was not a vine district) incurred the disapprobation of the Elders, and chiefly the censure of *Madame la Comtesse D'Estelle*, a wealthy lady in the neighbourhood, to whose only child, now deceased, Manon had been foster-sister. Her consent to the wedding was withheld till he should convince her, that his rash departure from the practice of prescriptive custom had been sanctioned by success. No one, she averred, should have her Manon for wife,

unless he were in circumstances to support her well..

That conviction had however taken place, about a fortnight before the present period. She went—she saw—she touched—she tasted; and giving credit to Tourville's prosperous circumstances, assented to the wedding which she had promised to honour with her presence; but some business, unexpectedly prolonged, detained her, on that day, in a neighbouring town.

These vineyards formed of course a prominent topic of conversation, and it was agreed upon, before the dancing began, that the guests should perambulate over the extent and, ere the produce be stripped from its stems, view it, once more, in its exuberant glory.

Just as they were about to sally forth,

a few drops of rain fell and delayed their departure; the black impending clouds, they conjectured, would soon disperse, but they were seen to accumulate more and more, and became so opaque that the day was considerably darkened. And now a tremendous storm of hail-stones, of very large dimensions, dashed on the earth, thick, rapidly and with perpendicular force: in a few minutes, they covered the ground, some inches high. Had such a visitation occurred before harvest, every crop within the range of its devastation would have been spoiled, and such an occurrence is not very extraordinary in France: but the produce of the harvest was safely housed, and poor Tourville's vineyards alone exposed to its fury!

He beheld the storm and anticipated its fearful result: so did very one around him.

As he wistfully and sorrowfully watched its progress, just in its highest rage, his wife's hand still placed within his, he gave it a gentle pressure of affection, as much as to say.—Never mind, my love, should every thing else desert us, we still remain for each other. She felt the appeal and burst into tears, and sorrow and lamentation from every quarter succeeded the transports of joy and the shouts of merriment which, a few minutes before, pervaded the dwelling.

It was now made apparent to Domville how much the married couple had gained on the affections of all present. The condolence in their affliction was expressed with heart-felt utterance. But chiefly the Godly and hitherto unobtrusive Priest was foremost in his endeavours to mitigate, by the holy functions of his ministry, the

calamity that had assailed them: he was affected to the heart and, with a tremulous voice, a tearful eye, spoke of religious resignation,—of another year's chance,—of a better world,—and they listened.

The storm having ceased, Tourville naturally wished to ascertain the whole extent of the disaster. Alas! it realized all that was dreaded. The shoots that had been torn down, they and the grapes were beaten in the mire: of those that remained still fixed on the *échalas*, hardly any thing but the stalks were left. In what different circumstances and, with what different feelings, was the intended visit paid to the vines!

On their return, Domville tarried a little behind, in order to consider what he could do for the distressed couple. Alas, no relief of a permanent nature could he afford;

his own circumstances were too precarious, and his present amount of cash must materially limit the extent of his bounty.

Here, again, he was liable to self reproach for his want of forecast in money matters, and at the present time the more keenly felt the infliction. He possessed little overplus of cash for any unforeseen emergencies; but, endeavouring to silence the troublesome inward monitor, with fresh promises of amendment, he counted out his present stock:—it amounted to only ten Napoleons and some loose silver. Seven of them he re-placed in the purse, and the remaining three consigned to the company of the inferior pieces.

"This will be quite enough to carry me on to Paris: a fresh quarter will then become due, which will put me in possession of a hundred pounds sterling."

Having thus adjusted these matters to his mind, he proceeded to the house; singling out the Curé, he requested to speak to him in private: for that purpose they retired into the garden; it bore lamentable marks of the devastation of the late storm. When he judged that they were unseen, after a suitable preface, he placed in his hand the purse and its contents, requesting his mediation to obtain Tourville's acceptance, desiring also that he should not be known as the giver.

"It is very unwillingly and with difficulty," replied the good Priest, "that I can conceal the Author of benevolent actions. Besides," added he, slightly balancing the purse in his hand, "by its weight and the known liberality of your nation, the gift appears considerable. Your reward you cannot miss.—However, Sir, I do not pro-

mise acceptance on their parts: they are proud folks here, and pride is a sin," said he meekly.—" But, pray, tarry awhile, I will return presently."

He did so, and was attended by man and wife.

When they met, the Priest stepped aside, and Tourville advanced with the purse in his hand. Making a grateful acknowledgment for the intended obligation, and for the delicate manner in which it was tendered, he begged to return it.

" We have yet the means, I assure you, of retrieving our loss."

" Indeed, Sir," said Manon, " we can yet do very well: and were we quite destitute, we could not submit to deprive you of so much money in a strange land."

In vain Domville assured them that he could well spare that sum; he was com-

pelled to acquiesce. However, ere he left the house, he took the Priest again aside; informed him that, by by to-morrow morning, he should be on his way to Paris, gave direction where a letter would reach him, with a request that he would not delay giving him information, whenever his services should be wanted. Having obtained an assurance to that effect, they parted with mutual professions and sentiments of regard, and each betook himself to his humble abode.

In that conference, Tourville appeared to greater advantage: the late calamity had the effect of maturing the man, and foppery was discarded.

Next morning, our Traveller left his room ready for departure: at the foot of the stairs, he met the good Curé, who was

waiting his coming down. After the usual greeting,—

"I hope, Sir, I do not presume too much on your goodness, in requesting you to deliver this letter to *Madame la Comtesse D'Estelle*; as the town in which she now resides is in your way to Paris.

"I will deliver it safely and with pleasure."

"I trust I shall not appear too officious" said he rather hesitatingly, "but the purport is respecting Tourville and his Bride."

"Quite the contrary, my good Father. It is the essential of your ministry to disseminate blessings on *both* sides, by pointing out to the Prosperous where and when they can relieve the Unfortunate."

"Perhaps I ought to go myself, but I may be wanted here. *D'ailleurs*," added he with unaffected simplicity—*D'ailleurs le fracas d'une grande ville m'effraye*,"

"You may safely rely on me, and for what other good offices I can perform."

"The Countess, Sir,' is a good, well disposed lady; she has an excellent heart, but is a litle too hasty and self-willed. The whole parish belonged to her family, but was forfeited to the state by their emigra-gration, and parcelled out and sold in lots. On her succeeding to the other parts of the property, some busy folks would advise her to try the recovery of this, by an attempt at ejecting the present occupiers.—God forbid I should, she cried! they are all good people, -the land cannot be better cultivated, nor in better hands.—It were a pity! I am rich enough and to spare,—they and their's would be reduced to beggary.—Better that things should remain as they are

And now that his Majesty is returned,

more serious attempts are making to disturb the present order of things; but she is more than ever against any alteration: saying, that since she has become further acquainted with the cultivators, she is more pleased than ever with them, and that it were flying in the face of God's justice to deprive poor folks of their little all, honestly purchased, and made double its former value by their industry, merely to obtain that which is of no use to her, and which, in a short time, perhaps to-morrow, she must, for ever quit and, with it, all her other earthly possessions.

There is a criterion by which good and bad dispositions may be ascertained.—He who dilates on the good qualities and good actions of others, when he can have no other interest in introducing such topics than the pleasure he feels in the narration, is

certainly of the first description.—The reverse may be affirmed of him who, on the contrary, detracts from the merits of his neighbours, is seldom heard to praise, but is prone to expose their faults, and feeds his own malignity and that of his hearers, by telling stories to their disadvantage, and by dwelling, with peculiar complacency, on those parts, most injurious to their fame.

CHAPTER II.



THE WEDDING.

BEHOLD now the honorable Charles, Nayland, Domville astride on a French Bidet, (whether with or without jack boots the history is silent) galloping on the high road to Rheims the bearer of an epistolary document from an old priest to an old woman, and yet so proud of the trust, that he would not have exchanged it for the grandest dispatch that was ever conveyed

from one crowned head to another,

The Countess happening to be *visible,* he was ushered into the presence of an elderly diminutive person, certainly exceeding three score, with sharp black eyes, grey hair, much mobility of features, and so brisk, so jerkish, in all her motions that, instead of attending to *l'arrondissement des membres,* so much insisted upon by dancing masters, her every action was short and angular, as if she moved by springs, her velocity of delivery kept pace with the rapid succession of her ideas: yet, for all that, the gentlewoman was discernible, and her long, slender, ebony staff, knobbed with ivory, well became that character.

Her reception of the messenger was courteous, but the perusal of his dispatches discomposed her equanimity. The vexation she felt was evinced by an alteration

in her features and the unconnected phrases that accompanied it, in the delivery of which, she kept time with her ebony staff in rapid knocks upon the boards.

"So, so,—is it come to this at last? Well, the Lord have mercy on us all!—Only think!—Ruined—Quite ruined!—and all in one short hour. Poor folks!—Yet they deserve it.—Such daring—Such obstinacy!—Indeed I am very angry with them.—Yet who could have thought.—But *I* told them so—*I* foresaw the consequence.—They would not believe me and now it is come upon them.—I fear a judgment from Heaven!—If so, we must submit. Yet my good Manon who was so kind to my poor Emily, now, I hope, with God—But for all that (wiping away a tear with the back of her hand) She is an ungrateful hussy, to desert her

best friend for a rash, thoughtless Adventurer.—Oh, yes it were flying in the face of God's judgment for me to interfere.—It is an awful warning—They are quite helpless. Alas, I see nothing can be now done for them."

Having got hold of that notion, our Hero exhausted all the resources of his rhetoric to dispossess her of it in vain.

" No, no, no (here more rapidly still knocked the ebony stick against the boards) No, no, no.—It is surely a lamentable case. I am very sorry for it—my heart bleeds for them; but if they won't take warning, I must and, for my own sake, I will.—It may spread further.—It was kind and generous in you, Sir, to take the trouble of bearing the message to me. But it has always been the rule of my conduct to bow without murmuring to God's dispen-

sations; by so doing, I have avoided many a tribulation.—You, Sir, are young yet: numerous probably are the blessings and evils in store for you: by availing yourself of the benefit of my long experience, you will lessen the effects of the one and increase the number of the others. Sir, allow me to repeat my thanks for your well meant interference in this unfortunate matter!—Alas! Just on their wedding day! and on that particular hour!—Dreadful!—Yes—yes—God's finger is plainly visible in all this.—Sir, I have no more to say—I wish you a good morning and every success in life."

So saying, she formally and demurely courtesied and left him.

Domville returned to his inn in no very placid humour, and got upon his *bidet* in order to proceed on his journey; but here

he found the animal, hitherto so tractable, now quite as obstinate as the Countess. No sooner did it feel spur or whip, than it sprung sideways and twirled back its head towards the gate that had admitted them: it would however so far obey the reins as to turn in an opposite direction, having no objection to re-enter its stable quarters, but feeling a fresh notification for proceeding, a similar spring and twirl compelled the rider, from south-west suddenly to face again north-east. This sort of manege, many times repeated, collected a crowd. In the presence of such numbers, our Hero thought it still more incumbent on his manhood not to be overcome by the obstinacy of an animal; but for all he could do, he found that obstinacy insuperable. At length, the hostler came out and informed him that, the hackney, like

many others, was trained up not to exceed certain limits: and if he wished to proceed, he must have a fresh horse and suffer this to return.

"In that case we shan't part so soon," cried he, "I will return in his company."

So saying he bestowed on him a smart application of the whip—a needless operation, for the *bidet*, having gained his point, would have galloped away on his road home, without any such incitement.

When he had partaken of his afternoon's meal, he called at the Parsonage. The Curé was at Tourville's, thither he went, and soon discovered that the newly married couple had summoned up all their fortitude, as the best defence against the assaults of calamity. What little could be saved from the wreck was done or doing

and the business of the farm went on as usual: the master was busy with his men, and the wife's attention taken up with domestic cares. To the Priest he imparted the unsuccessful termination of his embassy, and tarried with him till the periodical return of the evening repast brought them all together. The exercise required by his labour had given fresh spirits to Tourville, and Manon acted a becoming part, in contributing by her good humour to the continuation of his gaiety.

Domville was loath to depress their cheerfulness by the intelligence he had to impart, yet it were injudicious to conceal or palliate the truth, and to the *Curè* he resigned the task of disclosure. Though they had overcome the supineness of depression partly by bodily exertion, and

recovered their elasticity of mind partly by the suggestions of their own philosophy, yet *Hope* had been a most powerful ally: Tourville certainly did expect, and Manon had made sure of, liberal assistance from the Countess.

But when they were informed, though in the mildest terms that could be used, that none was intended to be offered, they felt the refusal as a fresh calamity on them. Manon was not proof against the unkindness of her late mistress; a flood of tears betrayed the acuteness of her feelings: this the more called upon the husband to act both the man and the lover. He folded her in his arms—he pressed her to his bosom, wiped away her tears, called her by every endearing name, bade her disregard the unmerited neglect, assured her that, as long as they were young and

healthy, and able and willing to work, they could not become destitute; that there was a Providence for them, as well as for all others and, as they had many years in store, so they had many chances of retrieving their loss. Thus the various topics of consolation his affection prompted for her relief, mainly contributed to his own.

But what should be chiefly enforced in this place, is the beneficial tendency of bodily exertions under heavy calamities. Had Tourville and his wife remained inactive, looking at each other, echoing sighs, moping about the house in stupid dolefulness, uselessly bewailing their hard fate, they would now have considered the failure of their expectation from Madame D'Fstelle as the extinction of their last hope, but the labour of the day taught

them how *rich* they yet remained in their own resources, and that with strict œconomy, they could be independent of any one. Such considerations must materially lessen the acuteness of any disappointment from other quarters.

Domville, feeling more and more an interest in the fate of this worthy couple was about to re-urge the offer of his purse more earnestly than before, when the rumbling of the old fashioned family coach of the Countess, driving up to the door, gave the first intimation of her near approach.

Manon, her eyes red and still tearful, flew to receive her, Tourville erected himself, re-adjusted his dress, stood upon his centre, and prepared for the attack, well knowing in which quarter it would be made. The Priest withdrew to a corner,

Domville took a seat beside him, but, when the Countess was ushered by the Bride into the apartment, they all stood up.

At the first sight of her *Protegée,* she had opened upon her one of her scolding batteries, but an imploring look mollified her resentment.

"*Mais quoi donc tu as les yeux rouges—Tu viens de pleurer!—Ah! ma pauvre Enfant! j'ai grand envie de pleurer aussi, moi.*"

In that temper she advanced into the parlour, determined, however, to pour all the remaining ammunition of her displeasure on the hapless bridegroom, who received her with becoming respect, yet in a stiff, embarrassed manner. She was led to the arm chair, her usual seat of state, but scorning to sit down.

"*Eh bien, Monsieur* Tourville! you see

—you see how it is—I told you it would so turn out, but you would not believe me. To be sure, I am a person of no great consequence: the wisdom, the experience of age is entitled to no sort of consideration, all the knowledge of the world is, now-a-days, lodged in young heads. Ah, *Monsieur le Curé*, it was not thought so formerly. *Mon Dieu! Que vois-je?* The strange gentleman here also!—Sir, I am happy and almost ashamed to meet you again: the humane motive of your errand and your courteous bearing deserved a better reception than I gave you. But, really, when one is so entangled in the concerns of such volatile, giddy, people—Nay, my good Manon, don't be down-hearted, Child, it can't now be helped. As for you, *Monsieur* Tourville, I was not at all surprised at hearing of your misfortune; I really did

expect it; but am amazed at your blindness, in not foreseeing that some such disaster would be the result of all your visionary projects. Believe me, nothing like the good old ways, sanctioned by the wisdom of ages. On that point I know you will agree with me, *Mr. Le Curé:* the Gentleman here may demur; it is natural he should side with those of his own age.---But, Manon, why in the name of common prudence, were you in such haste to get married? Why not wait till the grapes were gathered and the wine made. Well, well, I see I afflict you. I must not bear too hard on my poor Emily's friend, companion, nurse and all. Really, Tourville, I am heartily concerned at your calamity, but what can I do?—As sure as you stand there, it is a severe judgment from above. I ought not, I dare not interfere. Tell

me now, *mon bon Curè*, am I not right here again?"

This case of conscience the reverend Casuist thought it his duty to rectify.

"I certainly conceive, Madam, that no one is justified in acting against the dictates of his conscience."

"Certainly not—truly so.—You see, young folks, my Confessor sides with me."

"But permit me to add that it were possible, with the best intentions, to act upon erroneous principles."

"How, now!—How is that?"

"*Madame le Comtesse* seems to infer that the late hail-storm was particularly directed, by order of Providence, against Tourville's vineyards."

"And, pray, Sir, was it not so?"

"So far, Madam, the storm destroyed his grapes: and last year, you will be

pleased to recollect, a thunder-bolt shattered the steeple and otherwise mainly damaged the holy, consecrated, church of the adjoining parish."

"True, true, I am glad you remind me of that accident. I begin to be somewhat reconciled. God forbid that I should impute—I believe, I may safely venture.—*Monsieur L'Etranger*, I know, you fancy me a hard-hearted woman.—But Manon here knows well.—Tourville,—what can be done shall be done: *Monsieur le Curé* can tell you I always took a lively interest in your concerns, et *Monsieur l'Etranger—Anglais—je presume* — (Domville bowed in the affirmative) *le saura aussi.*

Then suddenly exclaiming:

"*Ah, les pauvres enfans! Ils se sont mariés et n'ont pas eu de noces. Il faut re-*

parer tout cela. Ou sont donc les violons?"

They were not far off, quaffing a liberal allowance of wine in the kitchen and the fiddles hung upon pegs. Her expression, *ou sont donc les violons*, was a sure symptom that, within *Madame la Comtesse*, all acrimony was removed; accordingly the fiddles were called in.

In the mean time, the old lady with the help of Manon and a looking-glass was adjusting her train, her hair, her cap, her *fichu*, and having put on her gloves, over which she rectified any irregularity in her ruffles, with a courteous air approached our Hero, and dropping a formal, full dressed, courtesy—

"*Je voudrais bien ouvrir le bal avec vous, Monsieur l'Anglais: je me sentirais trés flattée de vous avoir pour cavalier.*"

But first, turning to the Priest—

"*Il n'y a surement pas de peché a cela, mon bon Confesseur.*"

"*Certainment non, Madame.*"

"*Mais voyez y donc: ce sont vos affaires.*" and drawing up her gown to a dancing shape, she gave her hand to the partner of her selection. There was no declining such a challenge from a lady. The Orchestra struck up *le minuet de la cour*, and the modern Gentleman, five feet eleven, traced the elegant mazes of the dance with the antique Lady, four feet three.

With a dispatch unmatchable any where but in France, the lads and lasses of the village were collected in their dancing attire. Now came on the cotillions, and away flew all thoughts of fear and care; past, present and to come.

M*adame la Comtesse* was handed back

to her *fauteuil* in front of the sprightly scene, which she viewed with a lively interest, occasionally conversing with her gentleman, except when he relinquished his station, in order to be favoured with the Bride's acceptance of his hand, as her partner in the dance.

Supper followed—then such melody as French songs can express. Every guest had one in store, *bien ou mal n'importe.* Even M*adame la* C*omtesse* did not think it beneath her dignity to honor the company with an attempt to go through, although in a voice somewhat *rauque et cassée.*

Triste Raison, j'abjure ton empire, &c.

In compliance with her desire, the party broke up early; but, on the morrow, she would give, in her turn, *une fete au chateau, pour celebrer aussi les noces.* Domville willingly consenting to delay his depar-

ture to the next day, accepted her invitation.

He was received by the Countess in her most courteous manner, and with a warmth of friendship that surprised him: it bordered on the affection a mother feels for her son.—The house was thrown open for all comers, the servants had orders to make every one welcome, but her own table was restricted to the happy few. Her Confessor, our Hero, Tourville and his Bride the only guests.

During dinner and for a considerable time after, she was mirthful, vivacious, chatty and unreserved; but suddenly, assuming a countenance grave, sedate and thoughtful, she arose, apologized, and requesting to speak in private with the Priest, was led by the reverend gentleman

into her closet. Presently Manon was sent for.—Lastly a servant entered, summoning to the conference room both the Bridegroom and Domville.

On their entrance, they all arose; as the latter cast a glance around him, he perceived that Manon and the Curé were greatly affected, but had no time to draw any inference, the Lady soon engrossing his whole attention.

" Sir, said the Countess, with a solemnity of delivery, the very reverse of her usual manner, and with an air of *Majesty*, one would have thought incompatible with her small figure and features.—Sir, I request your attendance here, that you may afford me an opportunity of repairing, in your presence, the injustice I have committed.—You, a *stranger*, shewed by your conduct

how *I* should have acted towards her, whom I have known and loved from her infancy, I'll endeavour to atone, by following the example I should have given."

Our Hero, diving into her thoughts, remarked that her generous disposition was well known to all the country round, and—but she, interrupting, proceeded———

"Sir, it is not an act of generosity I am performing: in that case, a witness should be spared.—It is a debt, a sacred debt I am bound to pay; if adequate payment can be made, in money, for care, attendance, fidelity, attachment and all the female virtues, exercised by one individual for the well being of me and mine."

Then turning to the Bride.

"Manon,—Give this paper to your

husband."—He received it, respectfully bowing. "In the mean time, this casket, Child,—lift it up for me,—*fera rouler le menage.*—It also contains some jewels of my poor daughter's,—wear them for her sake.—And, now, Tourville, I resign into your hands the best of friends,—the best of wives, shew your sense of her worth, by making her the happiest of women.—Not one word—no thanks—none due—" Now opening the door and resuming her wonted gaiety and manner", we will, if you please, step in and see how our guests fare in yon hall. *et puis les violons et la dance.*—*Souvenez, vous, Monsieur L'Anglais, que je vous retiens encore pour un minuet,*"—and with the air of an old acquaintance, she placed her arm within his, and they led the way,

It required no effort of politeness in

Domville to shew her every attention; the unfeigned regard he now entertained for the lady prompted him to suitable acts and expressions. She was greatly taken with his manners, and was much affected when they parted: she seldom, in her visits to her *protegeé*, omitted to remind her of *Monsieur l'Anglais*, observing.

"*Il est poli, tout comme nous autres, et beau comme le jour.—Il possede les grâces, les prevenances,—en verité, ma Chere, j'en raffole.*"

There is no unalloyed felicity in this world: the munificence of the Countess had insured a competence to Tourville and the possession of his wife secured his well being; yet the devastation committed on his vineyards often recurred to his memory.

"Ah, my dear Manon, he would exclaim, we shall never see such a crop of grapes again!"

As for our Hero, he, light of heart, pursued his journey to Paris and, whether he rode or padded the way, felt a buoyancy so ethereal from a consciousness of his share in the late transactions, as to lift him above the grosser desires of this nether world.—Thus, in the commission of acts like these, we earlier begin and further prolong on earth our *spiritual* existence; as the Sun halos with its orienet and western beams the summits of the loftier peaks, whilst dimness and mists pervade the vales below.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS.

WHO, among the thinking beings of the present generation, ever entered the Metropolis of France, without his mind crowded with ideas, depressive or exhilirating, without sensations of horror or of admiration, as he passes in review the various epochs of the late tremendous revolution. Here la Bastille fell, and liberty was proclaimed: there bled Ma-

dame Roland or Charlotte Cordé: here the Poissardes yelled and Louis suffered. A Sombreuil died for the Royalists, a Marceau for the Republicans, and a Dessaix for the Imperialists. The same fate, often on the same day, without distinction of age or sex, awaited the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the criminal and the innocent.

The effervescnce of every passion, created by the *unrestrained* conflict of human interests, is now nearly subsided; but the traveller stands within the principal focus of the Volcano, and the materials that caused the mighty explosions are by no means exhausted. As he treads the streets of Paris, well may he exclaim with Horace:

"Incedo per ignes,
Subpositos cincre doloso.

More awful still must have been to Dom-

ville the aspect of the capital, when he entered, six years since; because although peace was concluded, the Revolution could not be affirmed to have terminated. The Dynasty of the Bourbons, it is true, had again succeeded that of Napoleon; but on the nature of their future policy, and on the conduct of the allies who had seated the present king on the throne, the stability of their power in a great measure depended. The nation that boasted of its armies having entered in triumph the metropolitan cities of the principal Continental Potentates, now beheld its own Capital in the occupation of the allied powers; and they, who had forcibly altered the constitution of other states, now had a monarch forced upon them by the bayonets of foreign soldiers.

The conquerors of Marengo and of Aus-

terlitz could ill brook the haughty demeanor assumed towards them by those of Leipsig and of Waterloo: they thought it very hard that they should be insulted with the same contumelies they had inflicted on others. Such is the injustice of man: crying out for equal laws, equal rights when oppressed; withholding them from others when in power. And whether at the game of push-pin, or pending the sanguinary conflict of mighty armies, the contest is not to preserve, but to acquire—not for equality, but for superiority—not for independence, but for dominion.

Our Traveller had put up at an hotel, recommended to him when in London; but, as it was principally resorted to by those of his own country, wishing to

secede from them while abroad, conformably to the plan he had hitherto pursued, he intended soon to quit it.

One morning he received a parcel directed for him: it consisted of several letters addressed to numbers of the old *Noblesse.* They were from the Comtesse d'Estelle, who, presuming he might make a long stay in Paris, had remitted them to him as means of introduction to the best societies. He was much gratified with this remembrance of the old lady. He also found one from Tourville who, in case our Hero should wish to retire into private lodgings, had taken the liberty of recommending to his notice the house of a well tried acquaintance; where, he was sure, Mr. Domville would meet, on moderate terms, with comfort and every reasonable convenience.

He accordingly went out to examine them. The situation, the apartments, the price and the appearance of the Owners, being to his satisfaction, he agreed to their terms and became immediately their lodger. Nor had he, during his stay in the French capital, any cause to repent the choice he made. The easy gaiety and respectful attentions of Renaud and his wife often induced him to spend an hour with them; he would thankfully accept their invitation to a meal, and found other means of returning their civility in a manner equally gratifying to them. He was not one of those, who look upon every stranger as having an eye to his purse, contract their hearts within their own concerns, frequent but a certain set, out of that circle never venturing, lest a departure would cause a stumble, and to whom

the rest of mortals are non-intities, except those who minister to their wants and promote their enjoyments.

Domville by his affability and condescension was a gainer every way: he ever increased the number of his well wishers, and his heart rejoiced in this encrease of wealth.

CHAPTER IV.

A SURPRISE.

ONE evening, as he was sitting with his landlord and wife, the washer-woman brought in his linen with that of the family. This woman was much considered by her employers for the propriety of her conduct; her manner and language appearing above her situation in life. She seemed deeply affected, tears were still

in her eyes, notwithstanding her kerchief had been several times applied to them. Madame Renaud desired her to sit down and enquired after the cause.

She said that she had just left the hotel of the Comte de Clermont, being known to the porter was desired to walk up and deliver the clothes to the maid. Seeing no one about, she gave a gentle rap at the door of the outer-room, could distinguish several steps within, but no one came to open. Presently heard the stern, angry, threatning tone of a man, and the voice of a young woman who sought to detain him. Her tears and entreaties seemed only to increase his rage, for his voice grew louder. She then fancied she heard a *blow* given and, the man retiring within an inner apartment, slammed the door after him; his departure was succeeded

by piercing shrieks, as from one who was in fits.

At that moment the door opened hastily, and the man servant came out in great consternation, yet rejoiced at meeting her so opportunely: bade her return with him and help him to try the recovery of his young lady who, he feared, was in a dying state.

"You may suppose," added the laundress, "I did all I could, that I was bound to do, had it been for a stranger: but now my assistance was wanted for her whom I love and respect above all others; I felt as much anxiety for her recovery, as if she were my own child. We succeeded in bringing her to life and had placed her on a sofa, when the Count re-entered. He seemed unmoved by a view of her situation; and when we had helped her into

an inner room, in an angry voice he ordered us both away. I had some little talk with the servant: he could or would not tell me the cause of the Count's dis-displeasure; but owned that she had been on her knees before him to no purpose, and had followed him to the outer room, when, once more kneeling, she laid hold of his coat skirt as he was going out, which so enraged her father, that he turned round and *struck* her.—Blondin verily believes——

"Blondin," cried Domville, with surprise!

"Yes, Sir," calmly resumed the laundress, "his man Blondin believes that the blow went to her heart. It was more than she could bear, and it caused the alarming swoonings that followed."

Renaud and his wife knew but little of

the family; yet commiseration for the sufferer was excited by this artless tale; but the Narrator, who had felt the benevolent interference of the young lady in her domestic concerns, was lavish in her praise and, after relating a number of generous acts that had come to her knowledge, departed, invoking the blessings of Heaven on *her*, who, she emphatically affirmed, deserved all that Heaven could bestow.

The Reader may rest assured that the earliest part of the night was not for Domville a time of repose.

"Is it possible that this ill treated person should be the lovely Stranger of the glen? I will not rest before I have ascertained the truth. Blondin was the servant's name—but so many domestics in France bear that appellation How long and tedious is this night! Could I but trace

to-morrow's dawn. — To-morrow's dawn came—if he traced it, it must have been in a dream.

He had that evening longed to question the Laundress but forbore, lest his emotion should betray him in the presence of others: the next morning, however, he sent for her. When they were alone, he asked her for a personal description of Mademoisselle de Clermont. The relation satisfied him that she and his Julie were the same. What he was told respecting the father, rather confirmed than weakened his belief in the identity, but he was rather staggered when, questioning her about the brother, she affirmed that she knew no one as such, and believed the lady to be the only child. — Had the family ever been in England? — She could not tell, but heard they had passed many years

abroad. Was Blondin to be spoken with? —She thought not easily, he generally kept close within doors, and was besides very old.

Having gathered all the information he could, she was dismissed. It now occurred to him that this very Count de Clermont was one of the noblemen to whom he had a letter of introduction from Madame D'Estelle.—It so proved, his name and place of residence agreeing with the direction on the letter. This very day he determined to present his credentials.

How his imagination ran wild upon the subject! Not only was he to be admitted into the Count's presence, but also by him to be presented to his daughter.—She would appear, of course, as beautiful as ever, and he — not altogether uninteresting

to her. But that smiling picture soon disappeared: the supposed sufferings of his adorable Julie now called forth all the sympathies of his heart,—he vowed revenge on her tyrannical parent,—he was authorised to inflict it. The singular manner in which her abode had been discovered to him, *clearly* proved that Providence had selected him for her deliverer.—Yes, he would, *at all events*, rescue the Lady from any further exercise of the Count's barbarity; and, moreover, would subject him to the severest retaliation for every cruelty he had already made her feel.

He now began so far to act, as to array himself out in his best attire, and took the direction to the Count's hotel; but the nearer he approached the house the slower his feet performed their office, the weaker grew his resolution, and the stronger the

palpitation of his heart.—When, at length, his hand held up the knocker, his courage failed him, he dared not give the blow, but let it gently fall, and retreated to some retired spot in the vicinity, to recover breath and recollect his scattered thoughts.

How soon was the doughty champion, who had sallied forth for the protection of injured beauty, reduced to the helpless state of a child. Had he been apprized of her real situation, he might have fearlessly known how to act; but his ignorance of her concerns made him timorous; it could only excite his imagination to frame possible cases, and all became wild, obscure, perplexed, intricate and opposite.

Who knows but his uncalled for interference may aggravate her woes instead of alleviating them.—How could he dare to take any decisive step in an affair of which

he had so little knowledge.—A stranger,—a foreigner, was probably of all others the least entitled to appear forward as the righter of her wrongs. If she had any to complain of, her own natural friends were certainly the best qualified to interfere.

But then the scene on the Coomb—the disappearance of her brother—the laundress' story—*the heavenly attractions of this lovely Creature.*—Ay, the main cause this of all such romantic effervesence. Because she was handsome, it followed, *of course*, that she was deserving; and because she was both, it became him, *of course*, to volunteer himself as her Protector! Divest of her beauty, and the gentleman would recover his placidity, let her virtue and the hardships of her case be ever so apparent.

Again, he would give the world to behold her and hear her speak: and now that he

had a probable chance of gratifying his wish, he feared to venture into her presence: he foreboded that the fate of both was to be determined in that interview.

"Surely some indescribable, portentous mystery, hangs over us and would be then developed; productive, perhaps, of unutterable joys, but as likely to plunge us into unparalleled horrors.

Thus he suffered his fancy to master his reason; when, however, the former faculty had exhausted itself in the production of a thousand improbable conjectures, the plain matter of fact stood before him. He had a letter to present to the Comte de Clermont, on a subject of very common occurrence: the house was in sight; it rested with him whether he should deliver it or not.—He now once more proceeded

to the house and actually had the courage, this time, to let the knocker fall.

The gentleman was at home: to the servant he imparted in an unsteady voice, that he had a letter from Madame D'Estelle to Monsieur le Comte; that it was his wish to deliver it personally. The man returned, saying that his master felt himself indisposed, and requested the gentleman would favor him with a call to-morrow, when, he hoped, he should be able to see him.

This was a reprieve, a gladsome reprieve to Mr. Domville, who now returned home with bold nimble steps, yet in such a state of agitation, as if he had just escaped some imminent peril, or gone through some very laborious exertions. The next day, as the hour of visit drew nigh, his terrors returned, though in a considerably less degree. The

result of the interview proved how silly it was in him to entertain any.

The Count received him with all the politeness of the old court, expressed his regard for Madame D'Estelle, inquired after her health, should feel a real pleasure in attending to her recommendation, but lamented that, as the state of his health compelled him to be almost a recluse, he had very few opportunities of being of much service: however, what could be done, he would not fail doing, requested to be favored with his address, and then, with a profession of acknowledgments and of bowings, they very ceremoniously parted.

It was obvious that the count had not the least recollection of our Hero; but Domville knew him at first sight, though considerably enfeebled, much reduced, and his face furrowed up with deeper and additional

wrinkles.—But then the Lady.—Alas! none appeared, either in the shape of an angel or a goddess!—None was even mentioned, indeed nothing betrayed the existence of even an ordinary woman—a solemn silence pervaded the dwelling: he and the count seemed the only beings within.—He often lent an attentive ear—perhaps a plaintive note—a sigh—a moan—a shriek—would betray her Tyrant: but for all his powers of scrutiny and observation, he was compelled to take his leave without having the slightest pretence to assert his championship

When he got into the street, he entered a coffee-house that had a front view of the hotel, with an intent of watching the ingress and egress of every remarkable person, but the door remained as immoveable as if it had been barricaded for a siege. He then left his station and walked round

the hotel. A *fiacre* drove up to a postern gate, at the back premises: he anxiously watched, concealed as well as he could, the result. He beheld a person, apparently young, her face much and purposely concealed by her dress, come out hastily, step in and the coach drove off.

" It is she, cried our Enthusiast--It must be she—no one else can be endowed with such an air—with such elegance—with such a figure; and on that assurance, resting upon indications so very faint, deceptive and evanescent, he posted after the vehicle, followed it through the narrow, winding, streets of that part of the town. At length he saw it draw up in front of the *Conciérgerie*.

He approached as near as he could, in hopes of obtaining a mere glance of her countenance, but his wish was not gratified,

he only beheld her enter the prison: the massive gate closed upon her, and the carriage drove off.

Perhaps the coachman could afford him some information—he set off full speed, overtook the vehicle, and agreed with the man to ride back to his apartments. Indeed he had now need of such an assistance: the big drops ran down his face; his dress and person so much discomposed, that he appeared as if he had made his escape from that dreadful place of confinement which he saw the lady enter: yet he found himself already overpaid in the felicity of sitting upon the same seat, in touching the same objects she had just quitted.

On his alighting, he bade the driver follow him into a private room, and putting into his hand an additional piece of silver, questioned him, but in cautious

terms, about his former passenger, but could gain no other information than that of being ordered to take her up from the Conciergerie, at nine o'clock in the evening, and convey her back to her house.

At that hour Domville was on the pavé, in front of the building, espied the same *fiacre*, waited about half an hour, when, the gates unbarring, the same Lady was led out with every mark of respectful attention, attendants, holding flambeaux, stood beside the carriage as she stepped into it: she held a kerchief to her face, appeared in great distress, and a sob reached the ear and struck upon the heart of our susceptible Hero, who followed her to the hotel. On her alighting, she appeared more collected, and entered the dwelling without any outward indication of grief.

On that night, ere he elosed his eye lids,

Domville arranged his plan of operations for the future. First he called on the laundress, besought her to get by some means Blondin into the house and to let him immediately know, when she had succeeded. He soon received the welcome summons, and hastened to attend. He perceived a feeble old man, almost double with age, who gave such strong indications of the awe in which his master held him, that it were folly to expect the slightest assistance from what co-operation he was yet able to give.

Our Hero inquired after the young gentleman, whom he ventured to call Mademoiselle de Clermont's brother.

"Ah, Sir, said the old fellow, much affected, he was slain in one of the late battles, fighting for the cause of our good king.—Yet I don't know—added he—

musing — why they refuse to tell me in which battle, and where they buried him."

"I hope, however, your young Mistress is well and happy."

"Alas, she is mainly altered:—I used to take such a pride in seeing her so handsome but she grieves too much; she is inconsolable for the loss of her brother, for she ever was a most affectionate sister—no wonder, he loved her as he loved his life."

"Does she ever go out?"

"Very seldom, Sir.—But really (recollecting himself) I dont know why I should be so communicative with a stranger.—Sir, you must excuse me—I must be gone—Mrs. Jodelle the clothes will be ready for you by two o'clock."

CHAPTER V.

MISSIVES.

DOMVILLE, as determined now as he had been irresolute before, in pursuance of his plan ventured upon a bold step, indeed! It was no less than to address the following Epistle to Mademoiselle De Clermont.

Madam,

I cannot divest myself of the idea that, in some manner, I may be of service to you. If zeal, activity, secrecy, some influence, all

prompted by the most honorable motives, can induce you to confide to me—a stranger—wherein I may best employ them, rest assured that they will be exerted to the utmost of my abilities in your cause, and in behalf of any one you wish to befriend.

I have the honor to be, with perfect devotion,

Madam,

Your most respectful obedient servant,

Charles N. Domville.

P. S. I once had the pleasure of seeing you and your brother in North Wales, during a thunder storm, when I took shelter in your then habitation.

Madame Jodelle, whom he had succeeded in persuading that he was solely influenced by the purest motives for the young Lady's

welfare, after being allowed to peruse this letter, agreed to deliver it without the Count's knowledge.

How oppressive, how cheering, how agonizing, how enlivening were his sensations during the departure and return of his messenger!

"Shall I be favored—shall I be honored pshaw—shall I be *enriched* with an answer? Oh no. She never will—how can I expect—yet she may—I am sure she needs the assistance of a friend—of a defender.—Should I be the fortunate man, no limits would I set to my devotion.—This room is so close, so confined—I pant for a wider space."

And down he hurried, in order to beguile the time by a short ramble; but soon retraced his steps, lest she should return in his absence.

"One precious moment might be lost, *which the labour of ages could not retrieve.*"

In that state of impatience, many a hasty stride he took up and down his apartment; when, from the window, he beheld the trusty messenger hastening to the house. A certain bustliness in her gait seemed to indicate that she was the bearer of some message, yet her empty hands belied the indication. He heard her knock—she was admitted, ascended the stairs, entered his room, out of her bosom drew a folded paper, and delivered it into his trembling hands, with directions for him to peruse it in her presence. He did so, although not with the same self-command as he would go through a Newspaper account of a court gala.—The paper only contained these few lines.

"It concerns the person whom Mr. D. has favored with a letter to know, whether during his stay in the dwelling alluded to, that Gentleman beheld aught that excited his surprise."

Although the sixteenth part of a minute was time sufficient for the perusal, during a much longer period did he stand motionless bending over, his eye steadily fixed, on the paper. At length Madam Jodelle roused him from his reverie, by intimating that she was directed to bring an answer back. The gentleman contrived to muster sufficient steadiness of fingers to pen the subjoined note.

"Mr. Domville declares that the singular sight, of which he had a full view, he being at the time (about five years ago) in the dwelling known by the name of the Hermit's cave, was such as will never be erased from his memory."

Away went the messenger with this fresh document, leaving our rapturous Hero to the enjoyment of his own, which was read to the full as many times over, as the fondest author repeats his choicest passage: The paper was moreover several times favored with the pressure of his lips, and at length treasured up in his pocket-book. Yet, elate as he was for being noticed by the fair Lady, he greatly feared that the correspondence would end here; but the day did not close without another letter being brought to him.—These the contents.

Sir,

"If I now entertain any doubt as to the sincerity of your professions, they arise entirely from yourself. To my father, I well remember, you disclaimed any knowledge

of the very transaction which, this morning, you admit having beheld. It is painful for me to question the veracity—the *honor*—of a Gentlemen: for is not a strict adherence to truth the very essence of honor?—However, Sir, as you were a witness of the scene, it is an inducement to avail myself of your offer. But, previously, have the goodness to state *truly* the means by which you came to any knowledge of my present situation,—your station in life,—and whether the *influence* you mentioned in your first letter, extends to the English Ambassador, or to any of the persons that occupy, at present, the highest offices of state in this country.

Louise, Adele De Clermont.

P.S. Every line that has passed, and may hereafter pass between us, must be submit-

ted to Madam Jodelle's perusal. Her unblemished character and knowledge of female propriety warrant that confidence from one, who is so little conversant with the world."

Thus ran our Hero's reply.

Madam,

"With deep felt contrition I plead guilty to the charge you adduce against me. It shall be my endeavour hereafter never again to subject myself to a similar imputation.—I now proceed to obey your commands.

"My information of any affliction that has visited you arises from what Madame Jodelle herself imparted to the family, with whom I reside at present. The name of Blondin that escaped her lips induced me to suspect you were the same person I once beheld. A letter of introduction from

Madame D'Estelle to the Count de Clermont, which I presented yesterday, convinced me that the conjecture was grounded in truth. I freely own that this discovery, which I hailed as *providential*, prompted me to tender my offers of service.

"I am the son of the late Viscount Domville. My Brother is a Peer of Great Britain, has much influence over the present administration of that country, of which he is a powerful adherent, but I am by no means on terms of intimacy with him, and I doubt much whether any recommendation from me would have the desired effect.

"I have but a slight personal acquaintance with his Excellency, our present Ambassador at the court of France, yet doubt not that I could obtain his attention to any commission you would be pleased to honor

me with. I am utterly unknown to any of those that hold the higher offices of state in France. But I have been so fortunate as to render some service to his present Majesty, when he resided in England, the remembrance of which, I flatter myself, would induce him to grant me an audience.

"In hopes of being still farther favored with your commands, I have the honor to remain most respectfully,

Madam,

Your devoted servant,

C. N. Domville."

The next morning (early) brought back a reply and a packet *both* sealed *in black.* The note was thus worded.

Sir,

"To your care I commit the fate of an unfortunate family, with a request that you

peruse without loss of time the accompanying packet. *To morrow, my Brother is condemned to be shot.* Should you conceive yourself unable to avert or delay the execution, I beseech you to return the papers forthwith.—Should the sentence be executed, notwithstanding your generous exertions in our behalf, it is my earnest entreaty that every document you receive from me be destroyed immediately, unimparted to any one. The pledge of your honor to that effect would be some alleviation to his sister.

L. A. De Clermont."

With every possible dispatch, Mademoiselle de Clermont received the following answer.

"Madam. —— I will not trust myself in expressing how I feel for your situation.

Every moment of each day will I devote in endeavouring the rescue of your Brother from the fate that awaits him.

"To his Majesty, in person, I will immediately apply. Much invaluable time may be lost, in obtaining the precarious interference of subalterns in an affair, which can at once be dispatched by the *fiat* of the Principal.

C. N. Domville."

"P. S. Your present injunctions and those you may hereafter honor me with, I hereby pledge my honor, shall be implicitly fulfilled."

Our Hero, without loss of time, sat down to his desk, penned an address in his best style of writing, then posted to the hotel of the English Ambassador, and with an impetuous earnestness that broke through

all the fences of punctilious etiquette got admitted. — That impetuosity, however, would have probably met with a different reception, had it not been backed by the name of *Domville.*

"My Lord—It is in your power to render me a most essential service."

"I should feel myself extremely happy, Mr. Domville——"

"On your well known liberality I rely, even more than on the extent of your influence."

"Pray, Sir, in what can I serve you?"

"Your Lordship is, I know, proceeding to court—God forbid I should delay your departure one moment!—It is indeed a fortunate circumstance. Yet every hour, every instance, is pregnant with ruin."

"What am I to understand——"

"I beseech you, My Lord, present this

letter to his Majesty,—entreat him to read it himself.—Tell him I am in waiting."

"Is this letter from you, Sir?"

"It is, My Lord, the purport is to obtain admittance as soon as your Excellency leaves his presence.—May every blessing attend you, should you obtain me that favor."

"Nay but Mr. Domville—this warmth—

"I pledge my honor that it is strictly of a private nature, and will not, in the slightest degree, commit the dignity of our mutual Sovereign, whom you so becomingly represent."

"But is the case so very urgent?"

"It is a case of life and death—and, if I fail of unutterable misery to the survivor. O My Lord! I could unfold to you such a distressing, unmerited, calamity — but I am bound to secrecy."

"Some fair lady, I presume," (smiling)

"Yes, My Lord; and a brother too."

"Have you yet been presented at court?"

"No, My Lord, but I did intend——"

"Shall I present you?"

"Your Lordship does me infinite honor."

His Excellency rung the bell.—"Is the carriage in waiting?—Yes, My Lord.—Mr. Domville, will you step in with me?"

Domville bowed his grateful thanks; and the representative of King George the Third, and the representative of the Lady, Louise Adele de Clermont, within the same carriage, rode in state to the Palace of the Tuileries.

CHAPTER VI.



A NARRATIVE.

AS the Reader is not, like our Hero, apprised of the contents of the packet entrusted to his care; and, as the packet itself could not supply all the information we should desire him to possess, for the appreciation of the motives that prompted his actions at the present awful crisis;—after mature deliberation, we think it, on

the whole, preferable, in lieu of that document, to lay before him a more minute account of the Clermont family: in the execution of which, we will endeavour to do justice to all parties, being entirely free from the restraint which filial piety imposes on Mademoiselle de Clermont, when the process of her narrative brings her to state by what motives the conduct of her father was influenced. Moreover, the Lady herself, being a principal performer in the drama, her modesty ever prevented her from doing herself that justice to which she was on every account entitled, and which we should be very unwilling to withhold from her.

Louis, Charles, Francois, De Solignac, Comte de Clermont, sprung from one of the most ancient and wealthy families of France; at the age of twenty six, he suc-

ceeded to the patrimony of his ancestors. With notions highly aristocratical, he, as long as his prosperity lasted, was gallant chivalrous and liberal: his lofty disposition did not divest him of urbanity to inferiors; because, as he felt a stain like a wound,* his own acute feelings made him respect those of others; these qualities were further set off by the comeliness of his person. At the age of thirty five, he married a Lady much younger than himself, of noble descent, vast acquisitions and extreme beauty, who only lived to see her daughter reach her fourteenth year.

When the revolution broke out, he took a most active and decided part in favour of the reigning Monarch, Louis the Sixteenth.—Repaired to Cobtentz, then to some of the principal German

* Burke.

Courts, in order to hasten the supply of combatants in the Royal cause. The success of the Allies by no means corresponded with the zeal that animated him; but the victories of the Republicans, instead of breaking his proud spirit, had only the effect of souring his disposition: he graduallly became peevish, morose, fretful, taciturn and unsocial. The recollection of his former grandeur marred every enjoyment which a moderate man could have derived from his then situation, and the considerable portions he had been able to save from his forfeited estates were greatly undervalued; because he did not consider them with reference to how much less, others of his rank were glad to retain, but because he persisted in comparing them with how much more, he was compelled to leave behind.

The execution of the King and his Consort involved him in many dangerous situations, owing to his attempts to retrieve or avenge the royal cause; but, when the treaty of Amiens had reduced the Allies to admit the title of Napoleon, as the chief Ruler of France, to the exclusion of the Bourbon Dynasty, the Comte de Clermont gave up the cause as hopeless, retired with his family to some obscure town in Austria, and afterwards came over to England.

Hitherto his two children had the benefit of the maternal instructions of the Countess, but in 1808 she died. The fever of disappointed ambition that incessantly preyed upon her husband, could not prevent him from feeling the severity of his loss—to his son and daughter that loss was irreparable.

We must stop here to enumerate the enviable blessings the Count had still retained, after his expatriation and the seizure of the principal part of his property.—An excellent wife and mother, amiable, kind, and considerate; two children, such as any parent would have been proud to acknowledge, and a competence still sufficient to maintain him and them in independence.—Yet he deemed and felt himself a most miserable mortal; because he possessed no longer that rank and affluence combined, which is not the lot of one out of millions ever to obtain.—Thus this Self-tormentor was a loser every way, the life of his consort he did not consider as any alleviation of his misfortunes; yet, he felt her death as an additional calamity. He now became a downright Misanthrope, and with his son and daughter, and his

man *Blondin*, took up his abode in the Hermit's cave, situated within that coomb of North Wales, whose silentious seclusion he selected as most congenial to his present, unsocial, disposition.

The character of Mademoiselle De Clermont we will leave to the joint care of Mr. Domville and Madame Jodelle, without any fear of unjust detraction from its merits; but the delineation of her brother's devolves on us, although we fear the execution requires more abilities than we have reason to think ourselves possessed of.

The young Henry Solignac de Clermont was a highly privileged favorite of nature, his personal comeliness with strength and activity combined, the least of his endowments:—his mind undaunted, fervid, enthusiastic, was such as we would ascribe to a *real* hero: his daring, his perseverance—

the loftiness of his conceptions, would have enabled him to maintain that character. The love of self, that prime instigator of every man's actions, was invested with so much splendor, by being indentified with the interest of national welfare, and by the sacrifice, when requisite, of personal considerations, that it seemed to exist only for his country's glory, his sister's protection, and the advantage of his friends.

But the lofty promises such a character held out were. blighted by the injudicious conduct of his bigotted father:—With a sort of gloomy satisfaction, he traced the developement of those shining qualities, foreseeing that they could, directed by him, mainly assist the cause of his royal Master, and, in proud anticipation, he beheld in his son the avenger of his own wrongs, and the restorer of his family's greatness.

instead of showing the youth the world such as it is, he filled it only with two sets of beings, both of his own creation:—the adherents to the prescribed Monarch, who were invested with every lofty, generous attribute, and their opponents described but as a grovelling, treacherous, despicable, detestable race.

The Revolution certainly presented where-with to call forth all the chivalrous feelings of a noble-minded youth, when contemplating the downfall of Royalty, the brutality to the fair sex, and the degradation of rank. The Count ably availed himself of such topics to inflame his imagination, but he went too far. The fiery mettle of his son needed not those spurrings, best applied to more sluggish dispositions: the consequence was that his high-souled enthusiasm

assumed the features of a dark, ferocious, fanaticism.

The Senior directed its energies chiefly against the reigning French emperor; whom, with all the exaggeration of bigotry and hatred, he described as an apostate from his religion, a hateful monster, a bloody tyrant, the oppressor of France, the scourge and opprobium of the human race.—He gave the youth to believe that *he* was *predestined* one day to act as the Restorer of his king, the Saviour of his country and the Avenger of his family.

Amongst the methods devised, in order to indulge his own impotent hatred and to feed the ardour of his son, one deserves to be particularized.—He contrived and set up the effigy of Napoleon, placed it in perilous situations; then, amidst the most

raging tempestuous weather, he would send him forth with sword and pistol to the destruction of the Usurper. Thus the Rhodian knight,* by degrees, brought his mastiff to attack an enormous serpent, which then infested the island, by previously training the animal to fly at and tear its resemblance to pieces.

Such atrocious representations, (the last of which Domville witnessed) certainly led to the practice of assassination; his sister, aware of the dangerous tendency, vainly strove to dissuade her father: with grief she also beheld the alteration in his appearance and disposition. He became inattentive to his dress, wasted apace, the fair face of nature lost its exhilirating influence over

* Abbé Vertot.

him; the gay brilliant emanations of his fancy, which gave so animating a tone to his conversation and often electrified his hearers, were all fled, succeeded by such gloomy conceptions as a mind, incessantly brooding over the same dismal objects, could beget. The sombrous coloring acquired an additional darkening from the perusal of the most exaggerated accounts of the revolutionary horrors his father was sedulous of placing before him, and by daily reviewing those pictures, representing executions of the martyrs to the Royal cause, that covered the walls of their dwelling.

How often is the proud and reasonable expectation, arising from promising children, baffled by the injudicious conduct of parents, whether their motives be swayed

by avarice, bigotry or any other vicious propensity!—Thus the thriving youthful tree, transplanted in ungenial soil, is for ever checked in its vigorous vegetation. The caterpillar feeds on its buds, the ground is strewed with its blighted blossoms, rough and knobby is its once sleek and shining bark, cankered each branch, and the promise of an abundant crop is reduced to a few unsightly, stunted, tasteless fruit, here and there apparent, on its almost leafless sprays.

The latter part of 1812 was marked by the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, the subsequent annihilation of his immense army, and the consequent defection of his then allies. The hopes of the French Royalists once more revived, and the result of the battle of Leipsic, which was fought the next year, by enabling the combined

armies to invade old France, actually re-erected the standard of the Bourbons, round which the more loyal and active emigrants were crowding.

The Count now thought it high time his son should venture his life on the same sacred cause.—On the eve of the young Loyalist's departure, who burnt to signalize himself, he appeared before him, holding his own sword in his hand.

"My son, accept your father's sword, as the best present he can make you: use it, in the defence and for the service of your king, encrust it with the blood of his enemies: it will need no other ornament."

His sister shuddered as she beheld the ardent youth fiercely grasp the weapon.—When taking an affectionate leave of him, in their father's absence, she slided a paper into his hand. He saw her tears, partly

understood the meaning of her imploring looks; his stoicism gave way, and he folded her in his arms.

"Oh, my Brother! For the sake of her who penned this letter, give it an attentive perusal."

"I will, Louise, I will, and this very night.—God bless my sister for the many blessings she has conferred on me."

The Count sat up late with his son, in order to furnish him with numerous credentials and to give him his parting directions, he was no sooner gone, than the youth drew near the light and read that which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.



AN EXHORTATION.

IN order to give a greater air of reality to the story, we have inserted on opposite pages the original French of this and of a succeeding letter.—The Proficients in that language may peruse it with some pleasure, and the Learner may pick up some information: thus satisfaction will be given to both. But there is a numerous and formidable

Body, not likely to be so easily pleased: we mean your strict Exacters of their *penny-worths.* These may allege with more than a semblance of justice that, having paid the price required for the purchase or perusal of volumes, professedly written in their vernacular tongue, it is not fair to palm upon them ever so many pages in a language unintelligible, or at least useless, as they can only contain a repetition of the same sense. All we can do, now that the deed is committed, is to express a hope that when the subject is brought before the various classes composing the reading Public, the Ays will carry it, right or wrong, as in a certain assembly, against such-grumbling Dissenters by a whelming Majority.

My Dear Brother,

'The voice of your sister, from whom you have never before parted, you will for some time no longer hear: attend, therefore, with kindness to the suggestions I would have hesitated to deliver, well aware of my inexperience, were they not in conformity with the precepts of our beloved, departed, Mother.

Let not the stern injunctions of one parent efface the benign impressions we both received from her who gave us being. I believe the cause in which you are going to fight is a just one, as such, may it prosper. But wherefore should you consider as unpardonable criminals those that are arrayed on the opposite side? Will you treat them with unsparing severity,

Mon Cher Frère,

De long tems vous n'entendrez plus la voix de votre Sœur, de qui vous allez vous separer pour la premiere fois. Recevez donc avec affection ce que mon cœur me suggére, mais que, vu mon inexperience, j'aurais probablement supprimé, si ses epanchemens n'étaient pas conformables aux preceptes de notre Maman tant cherie, qui, helas! n'existe plus.

Faut-il que les injonctions rigoureuses d'un parent effacent en nous les impressions salutaires que nous avons recues de celle de qui nous tenons l'être? La cause pour laquelle vous allez combattre est, je crois, la bonne; comme telle, puisse-t-elle prosperer! Mais pourquoï faut il considerer comme des criminels, indignes de tout pardon, ceux qui se trouvent rangés contre nous? Les traiterez

because they are our own countrymen and because they imitate us so far, as to fight in defence of those opinions they have embraced?—Suppose they were instructed to retaliate against us with the same unrelenting hostility, our beloved France would soon become one vast burying ground and an easy conquest to any merciless invader. The present generation has not participated in the misdeeds of its predecessor: besides, civil dissentions are like the quarrels of families: right and wrong do not side exclusively with either party—they have all something to be forgiven. Therefore, Henry, be true to your king, but be merciful to your unarmed foes.

Here I might safely leave you to the guidance of your own heart, but that pains have of late been taken to pervert its generous tendency.

vous avec une sevérité impitoyable parcequ'ils sont nos compatriotes, et parcequ'ils nous imitent jusqu'á combattre pour maintenir les opinions politiques qu'ils ont embrassées? Supposez qu'ils fussent authorisés á agir contre nous avec une hostilité aussi meurtriére, notre chére patrie deviendrait bientot un vaste cimetiére et une conquête facile á quiconque voudrait l'envahir. La génération d'aujourd hui n'a pas trempé dans les attentats de celle qui l'a précedée: d'ailleurs, il en est des dissentions civilles comme des querrelles de famille: le bon ou le mauvais droit ne se trouve jamais exclusivement d'un seul coté: on a toujours quelque chose á se faire pardonner. C'est pourquoi, Henri, soyez fidelle á votre Roi, mais épargnez vos ennemis desarmés.

Je pourrais ici me confier á la droiture de votre cœur; mais, comme on a derniere-

Remember that the greatest heroes have been most conspicuous for forbearance—Remember that, when the battle is over, humanity should resume its sway,—that every deadly wound, afterwards inflicted, becomes a *crime*. Remember that the inflictor is subject to retaliation, This latter consideration, I know, would not deter you, but I trust the next will.—Remember that, though your death would be misery to me, that misery would be aggravated with unbearable anguish, should your life be *deservedly* forfeited.

Alas! that life so precious to me, becomes daily of less value to you. Your well-tried affection I never questioned, but the delightful expressions of brotherly regard, flowing from that affection, have for months been withheld. You seceded from your

ment pris tant de peine á pervertir l'intégritié de ses dispositions, je poursuis.

Souvenez vous que l'humanité a toujours formé un des plus beaux traits du vrai Heroisme. Souvenez vous que cette humanité doit recouvrer son influence alors que la bataille est terminée; et que toute blessure mortelle, portée aprés, devient un crime.—*Souvenez vous que qui attenterait á la vie d'un autre, risque de perdre la sienne. Cette consideration, je le sais, ne vous arretérait pas, mais j'augure mieux de celle-ci. Souvenez vous que quoique votre mort me plongeat dans une douleur affreuse, cette douleur deviendrait angoisse insuportable, si on reclaimait* avec justice *le sacrifice de votre vie.*

Helas! cette vie qui m'est sie chere devient pour vous, de jour en jour, moins precieuse. je n'ai jamais douté de votre amour fraternel, mais les expressions delicieuses,

sister's society, and have not reaped any benefit from her loss,—you have detracted from her happiness and have not increased your own. The gloomy abstractions, that caused your seclusion, have affected your character and even impaired your health.—Surely, meditations of such baneful tendency ought not to be indulged in.

In one respect, I rejoice at our separation. You are now about to mingle with the busy race of men,—the activity of every individual around you will arouse your own. The changing novelty of the scene will excite your attention. That attention diverted by a multiplicity of objects, will no longer be absorbed in one dismal topic. Left to your own guidance, you will hourly be called upon to think and act for yourself. You will then behold royalists and their opponents such as they are, and be enabled to form a right estimate. The

decoulant de cet amour, ne se font plus entendre. La société de votre sœur ne vous offre plus d'attraits, elle a perdu la jouissance de la votre, et vous n'avez receuilli aucun avantage de sa perte—Vous avez diminué son bien être et n'avez rien ajouté au votre. Les sombres abstractions, qui vous font rechercher la solitude, ont porté atteinte á votre caractere, votre santé même en est altéré. On est, sans doute, tres blamable de se livrer á des meditations dont les effects sont si pernicieux.

En un sens, je me rejouis de notre separation, vous allez á present frequenter la tour be des hommes affairés. L'activité de ceux qui vous entoureront fera ressortir la votre; la nouveauté, toujours changeante, de la scéne excitera votre attention; cette attention, partagée par la multiplicité des objects, ne sera plus tristement restreinte á un seul sujet de méditation. Abandonné á votre propre conduite, il vous faudra á tout moment penser et

energies of your powerful mind, enlightened by the representations of *Truth*, will be directed to pursuits of national utility and glory. The approbation of the good, the applause of the high-minded, the assent of your conscience will prompt you to acquire that renown of unfading lustre, which is exclusively the Great Man's meed, and, before which, the laurels of the mere vulgar hero appear worthless and contemptible, as they are baneful and sanguinary. I am too ambitious to forego my share of that distinction, which I believe you were born to confer on your nation and family. Blight not, therefore, my proud hopes, by frustrating nature's intentions: and may God restore you to my arms, such as my fondest partiality conceives you capable of being.

Louise Adéle De Clermont.

agir pour vous même. Les Royalistes et leurs Rivaux paraitront alors tels qu'ils le sont, et vous serez en etat de les apprecier á leur juste valeur. Cest alors qu'éclairé du flambeau de la Verité, *vous pourrez deriger toute l'energie d'une grande âme á des objets de* gloire *et d'utilité nationales. Approuvé des bons, applaudi des esprits supérieurs, guidé par la voix interieure, tout vous éxcitera á meriter cette glorieuse immortalité qui est exclusivement l'apanage des Grands Hommes, et en presence de laquelle les lauriers d'un* heros *vulgaire paraissent vils et meprisables, comme ils sont pernicieux et sanguinaires.—Je me sens trop ambitieuse pour renoncer á ma part de cette distinction que je vous crois destiné á conférer á votre nation et á vos proches. Ne rabaissez donc point l'orgeuil de mon attente, en frustrant les intentions de la nature, et que Dieu vous remette en mes bras tel que ma partialité, dans toute son enthousiasme, vous concoit capable d'être.*

Louise Adéle De Clermont.

His sister, desirous of taking another farewell, softly stole in. She stood before him whilst his whole soul was absorbed in the perusal of her letter. As she anxiously watched each turn of his countenance, she beheld it alternately express tenderness, defiance, doubt and decision.

" Ah, Louise, said he, believing himself alone,—you must be mistaken, yet my heart sides with yours."

" Dear Henry, this is all I wish for the present.—Nay, don't chide me for having thus interrupted your meditations; but say you forgive the author of this preaching epistle."

" My dear, kind Sister, and best of friends! I much more need your forgiveness for the pain I have so causelessly given you."

" That forgiveness I grant from my

heart.—Now put up the letter, you will soon be enabled to ascertain how far my notions are erroneous—you may find an opportunity of giving it another perusal."

"That I will, and many more, for the writer's sake and my own."

"Now, Brother, it were cruel to detain you one moment longer: you need repose, and early to-morrow you must be on your way.—May God—

Here the separation became too tender for distinct expressions, and they parted with all the affection which the ties of kindred and the consciousness of each other's worth could inspire.

Henry de Solignac was not long in the emigrants corps before, to his surprise, he found out that very few had any of the enthusiasm he felt for the cause in which they were going to fight, and none to his extent.

The recovery of their estates and personal distinctions was almost exclusively the motive that led them to battle; nor could he conceal from himself that, to obtain these privileges, they had joined the armies of foreigners, carrying fire and sword for the devastation of their mother country; and that, in short, belying his father's favourable representation of them, they were like the rest of men, no better than their neighbours. His fervour hourly abated: he had been taught to identify the interests of the king with those of his country: he now saw them in a quite separate light. Thus, by an inconsistency more apparent than real, he began in his heart to side with that cause, for the extirpation of which, he had so ardently volunteered his services.

On the other hand, if Napoleon ever

appeared a great man, it was during this campaign, the unsuccessful termination of which sent him, a dethroned Exile, to the Island of Elba. With his small army he every where faced the numerous forces of the enemy; almost every day was engaged in some fight, and every day gained some advantage:—he forced them to retreat, boldly threw himself in their way and cut off every communication with their own supplies, leaving them the option either again to advance or fight their way back into their own countries.—They offered to negotiate: he would not listen to any proposition, till they had evacuated France. The allied-army once more pushed on to Paris; whether this movement was an act of desperation or, more probably, in consequence of some secret intelligence, it, however, terminated the campaign and the

war. Buonaparte had provided for the emergency of their advance; but, when he overtook the allies in sight of Paris, sure of having so completely surrounded them that their unconditional surrender must be the consequence, the army he had left in front and for the defence of that capital had itself surrendered without a battle, and Paris was capitulating. Thus, to use the words of Sir Robert Wilson, he lost his crown by the very series of manœuvres that should have preserved it to him.

During this rapid succession of events, Henry became more and more disgusted with his situation: his opinions respecting men and measures were completely reversed, every passing transaction justified in his opinion a dereliction from one party and the adoption of another; he perceived his father had deceived him, and he hated

much of the high estimation in which he formerly held his wisdom and experience. That exaggeration of which he had been the dupe, being now detected, had the usual effect: it propelled his mind into a contrary direction. With the determination that generally marks the proceedings of strong characters, he seceded from the emigrants cause, left the army and, a republican rather than a Buonapartist, wandered over France, more a spectator than an actor in the sanguinary drama. The sword, which was to have afforded such mighty assistance to royalty, remained inert in its scabbard, except when occasionally drawn for the protection of individuals, against the pillage of unauthorised free-booters.

A severe and long protracted illness had prevented the Count from subsequently

attending his son, and sharing in the hardships and dangers of the war. He was compelled to remain near London, under the care of his daughter, to whom he ought chiefly to ascribe his recovery. She attended to all his wants, solaced his solitary hours, soothed his impatience, cheered him when languid and by her sensible, *timely*, expostulations, kept within bounds the intemperance of his fretful disposition.

Of Henry's disappearance from the standard of the royalists, Louisa had only received a short intimation, in which he stated that a complete change in his opinions required a corresponding alteration in his conduct; but of one thing she might rest assured: whatever fortunes should betide him, his heart would ever be unalterably her's. She had also in her

possession a letter for the Count, from the young man's commanding officer; the contents of which she rightly guessed at, and wisely withheld from her father, till he was able to bear the shock the intelligence would give him.

The rage that possessed the old gentleman on the perusal was commensurate to *his* conception of the offense and, before he was well recovered from his illness, he hastened with his daughter to France, in quest of his strayed offspring.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAGE.

BUT a considerable time elapsed before any intelligence could be obtained of the youth. As soon as the place of his abode was ascertained, the Count posted after him. The method he took to bring him back to his duty was of a piece with the rest of his conduct, and proved how little acquainted he was with the *real* character of his son.

Henry de Solignac, one evening, in the only *cabaret* of a small country place, was listening with a sympathizing attention to the animated relation, which a mutilated campaign worn veteran was delivering over his pipe and jug: he had already gone through the battles of Gemappe and Lodi, and was just entering upon that of Ulm, when three strangers alighting from their smoking steeds, the principal, heading the two others, entered the room. Henry beheld the stern apparation of his father who, casting a contemptuous glance around, and spying the inheritor of his name and honors in such low company, angrily ordered his attendance into an apartment adjoining.

The young man complied. He arose, self-collected, yet not in the most dutiful disposition, and awaited the bursting of the

impending storm, determined not to suffer himself to be beaten down by its rage.

The altercation that followed is such as no writer, who entertains a becoming respect for the relative situations of father and son, would commit to paper but in general terms.

When the Count found that Henry had sufficient hardihood to withstand the terrors of his wrath, he tried the power of reasoning. Here again he was baffled; the arguments he adduced were repelled by arguments equally cogent. Then followed reproaches, recriminations, threats, denunciations. Then, previous to the adoption of coercive measures, the senior's ultimatum was delivered in the shape of a stern command, to return instantly with him, which was rebutted by the youth's deter-

mination, expressed in a tone equally positive, that he would remain where he was. Now began actual hostilities. The Count hurried to the door, ordered in the two soldiers and bade them secure, in the king's name, that rebel, that deserter, and now their prisoner.

The young man stood upon his defence; a violent scuffle ensued, in which the inmates of the house, much more partial to Henry than to the *white* cockades in the soldiers's hats, took an active part against them. In consequence of this timely reinforcement, the assailants were overpowered and very roughly handled. Solignac had much difficulty in rescuing his father from further outrage.

The discomfitted, irascible Count was led to his horse and almost mechanically placed on his saddle, obviously struggling

with opposite feelings. At length rage prevailed—he faced his son—drew a pistol from the bolster, and pointed it against him.

"Fire, cried the young man without flinching, you have already done your worst."

His arm dropped, the weapon fell from his hand: –Still he kept his eye on the object of his wrath; a lived paleness overspread his face, his lips quivered, as if speaking inwardly, and he tottered in his seat. Solignac sprung forward to support him.

"Touch me not.—Get thee gone. I own thee no longer," were the words he uttered in a hurried, yet hollow, sepulchral voice, endeavouring to push him off.—The youth desisted and respectfully receded.

By this time, the elder recovering from

his faintness, set spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight, followed by his attendants.

Thus disgracefully terminated the injudicious attempt to recal the youth to those principles of loyalty he had early imbibed. the acts of violence with which it was enforced had the effect usual on lofty, generous dispositions: compulsion in such cases ever defeats its own object.

The Count, unsuccessful in the recovery of his son, might have still derived considerable alleviation in the tenderness and filial piety of his daughter. All this he disregarded, *because* the *family name* could only continue with the heir male. This fanciful consideration, to which so many of noble blood are besotted, out-weighed in his opinion all the substantial blessings that were daily, hourly, tendered to him by

by the soother of his woes, the tenderest nurse, the steadiest, the kindest friend that God ever confered on a parent in the gift of a child! But alas! that child was a *female, et c'est le male qui ennoblit!*—There was the rub!

The Count sought in ambition the means of atonement for the acuteness of domestic disappointments. He claimed of the king one of the highest offices of state, as a reward for his past services and for the many sacrifices he had made in the royal cause. To tell the truth, the situation of Louis was then any thing but enviable: incessantly beset by numerous claimants of vast pretentions, whose past services, as a man, he must acknowledge; but which, as a king, he ought not to remunerate, he found his duty in direct oposition to his gratitude. For he more and more discovered that, in

the temper of his newly recovered subjects, those bigotted Gentlemen who o use Napoleon's expression, *pendant cette longue revolution n'avaient rien appris ni rien oublié*, were of all others the least adapted to form an administration, calculated to ensure any stability to the present order of things.

Louise De Clermont, never remiss in her duties, employed every means likely to effect a reconciliation. To her brother she recommended more deference to paternal authority—to her father she intimated that with such a character as Henry's, violence would never succeed. Her advice was rejected with contempt and defiance from the one, with equal determination, but with every expression of brotherly regard, from the other, who with shew of reason told her that he had now arrived at an age, when the laws made him master of his own

conduct; that it was his firm resolution never to submit its regulation to the dictates of any one and that, in the rejection and adoption of a party, he had only acted in conformity to the very sensible advice she had given in her letter to him.

Louise was not discouraged. In her reply she earnestly besought Henry *for her sake* also, to sue for a reconciliation, alleging that, though the laws had released him from the authority of a father, they could not absolve him from the respect and deference due to that character.

In a letter, replete with the tenderest expressions of regard and with grateful thanks for her seasonable advice, was once enclosed for his father. This letter was thus worded.—But first we premise that, for the reasons, such as they are, adduced at the opening of the last chapter, we in-

tand also to produce the contents of this letter in French as well as in English, each arrayed in spaces opposite, these typical, doubtless, of the hostile spirit that have in the course of so many centuries fed the ardour of the two nations, for the obvious *benefit* of both.—However, in order to assuage the wrath, thus provoked by a repetition of the same offence, we promise that, however numerous and capital be our literary sins in other respects, on this particular subject, we will take care not to offend any more for the future.

Over leaf then will be found the original and translation if the document alluded to.

Honored Sir,

I sincerely lament having incurred your displeasure: I entreat your forgiveness for any unbecoming expressions that may have escaped me. I beg to assure you that, whatever they were, they arose solely from the warmth of the moment and were not prompted by my heart. I would willingly think and act as you would have me, but submit it is not in my power so to do: as well expect me to be otherwise than I am; and surely you would never recommend the meanness of dissimulation, although the recovery of a father's regard is the object to be obtained. That boon no vice should confer, and can be permanently regained but by an adherence to virtue. Forgive me, Sir, when I add that the subject in debate between us, though of infinite importance in itself, is not of a nature that

Mon tres cher et honoré Pere,

Je regrette bien sincerement de m'être attiré votre deplaisir. Je vous conjure de me pardonner toutes les expressions mal-séantes qui ont pu m'échapper dans la chaleur du moment, et auxquelles je puis vous assurer que mon cœur n'a eu nul part. Mais souffrez que je vous represente que quant même je voudrais conformer mes pensées et mes actions aux votres, je ne le pourrais pas ; ce serait exiger de moi d'être autrement que je suis, et ce n'est pas vous qui me recommenderiez la pratique d'une basse dissimulation, quoique l'objet de mes vœux soit de recouvrer l'amour d'un Pere : un tel bienfait que la vertu seule peut rendre durable ne saurait provenir du vice.—Permettez moi, mon cher Pere, d'ajouter que le sujet en debat entre nous, quoique d'une importance infinie en soi, n'est point tel qui devrait rompre les

should sever the ties that bind father and son. Surely of those revolutionary principles, attacked and defended by Maury and Mirabeau—by Burke and Mac Intosh—by Chateaubriand and Volney, you and I may be allowed to hold different opinions, without any dishonour or criminality attaching to either. With this impression on my mind, I fervently hope you will allow me to wait on you, and that your favour will be once more extended to,

Honored Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

H. S. de Clermont.

liens qui unissent un Pere á son fils. Touchant les principes revolutionaires attaqués et defendus par Maury et Mirabeau—par Burke et Mac Intosh—par Chateaubriand et Volney, il est surement permis á vous et á moi d'entretenir des opinions differentes, sans que, pour cela, l'opprobre ou le crime s'attachat á l'un ou á l'autre: avec de tels sentimens, j'ose me flatter que vous voudrez bien me permettre de me rendre auprés de vous, et que vous accorderez derechef la tendresse paternelle aux souhaits ardens de celui qui se fait gloire d'être constament,

Mon cher et honoré Pere.

Votre tres humble et tres respectueux

Serviteur et Fils.

Henri Solignac de Clermont.

No sooner was the Count returned from court, than this epistle was put into his hands by his daughter who, it may be well supposed, anxiously watched each turn of his countenance. The symptoms were by no means favorable.

" Well, Sir, said the lady timidly—may we both hope?'

" Let him first submit to the authority of his king and to that of his father," was the reply given in a loud, stern, voice.

"I beseech you, Sir, recal that decision."

" Were I at my dying moments, I would not utter any other."

" Consider."

" Every thing is considered.—I forbid you ever again to introduce the subject to me, unless you are authorized to notify his submission."

Here a pause ensued, which was broken by the Count.

"Where is the hopeful youth?—You must know where he resides—I expect an immediate answer—I desire you would inform me—I insist upon your compliance."

"Sir, you must excuse me."

"Indeed I will not—I again ask you where can your brother be found."

"That information I must withhold."

"Dutiful language this!—and, where-fore, pray?"

"Because I ought not to give it."

"Did he forbid you—did you promise?"

"We did neither."

"How dare you then?"—

"My brother, Sir, is above concealment: it therefore behoves me the more not to ex-pose him to those dangers he braves."

"The clear inference from all this is,

that you presume to side with him against me."

"No, Sir, my only endeavour is to prevent a further extension of this unhappy family dissension."

"Flimsy pretences these, I can easily perceive whither they tend. Good God! cried he, violently clasping his hands, of all the many disappointments that have vexed me throughout life, the keenest is now felt, I am, in my old age, deserted by both my children."

So saying, he rushed into his closet and violently drew the door after him.

The truth was that Louise could not have fallen upon a more untimely moment for the delivery of her brother's letter.

The place the Count had solicited and which he made sure of obtaining in the course of a few days, appeared, from some

ungarded expressions that dropt from the king, as remote from his grasp as ever: in consequence, he never entered his dwelling in a more unconceding temper.

The generality of men, when baffled in their ambitious projects, open their hearts to the kindly influence of domestic affections. The Count's heart was not so affected:—Misfortune acted upon it, as frost does on those substances exposed to its severity;—it became the more hardened and contracted.

CHAPTER IX.

A PRISONER.

ABOUT this time an event occurred so momentous in its nature and so rapid in its effects, as to strike with dismay the surrounding nations, and to revive all those political animosities that had so long agitated revolutionary France.

Napoleon, escaping from the Isle of Elba, had set foot on the French coast,

whence, with the rapidity of a snow-ball gathering into an Avelanche, he was hastening to the Capital. In vain did the adherents to the Bourbons endeavour to arrest his progress, by organizing armies and by garrisoning fortified places; every obstacle vanished at his approach: it was a triumph wherever he went: he, in a few days, recovered the whole extent of France, without striking a blow. The king's friends were hastening out of the country: Louise attended her father; in vain Solignac besought her to stay with him, in vain her own inclination sided with his desire, she knew her duty and would fulfil it. On her expatriated,wandering,father, sinking under the pressure of calamity and the weight of years, her attendance was indispensable.—Her society could only be gratifying to her

brother, in the elation of success and in the vigour and buoyancy of youth.

Painful, at the time, are the acts of self controul; but the consciousness of rectitude imparts such sweets to the recollection that sorrow, when it comes, is less keenly felt, and enjoyment more highly relished.

But the reign of Napoleon was as short lived as its rapid resumption had been brilliant. The loss of the battle of Waterloo, by causing his subsequent surrender to the English, seems to have finally dispossessed him of political power, and has confined within the narrow limits of St. Helena's rocks, that extraordinary, ambitious, individual who, for fifteen years, filled the world with the fame of his exploits.

Paris was again occupied by the allies; but some departments to the south still held out against the authority of the Bour-

bons. Several engagements took place, the last terminated completely in favour of the Royalists.

Amongst the prisoners brought in, there was one, whose prowess had prolonged the fight and excited the admiration of his opponents.. In proportion of his earnestness to court death, was their wish to spare his life; he was at length overpowered, disarmed and secured, but not subdued. The desperate manner in which he fought gave reason to suppose that he had more at stake, in the event of the day, than what could be inferred from his homely dress, unmarked by any distinction of military rank. Bleeding and panting from the fight, he moreover attracted the regard of every beholder by the comeliness of youth, the firmness of his step, his fearless mien,

and a nobleness of courage divested of haughtiness, but not of defiance. Absorbed in his own reflections, he hardly noticed the objects about him.

"Are you a Frenchman, said the commanding officer, before whom he was brought?"

"I am."

"Your name, Sir?"

"Charles Fremoi."

"Is that your family name?"

"It is the only one I now chuse to be known by."

"You must be more explicit."

"You may interrogate, but it rests with me to answer, or not."

"What are your motives for concealing your real name?"

"I am not amenable to you for the motives of my conduct."

"You seem not to know that we have the means of coercion."

"Would you, therefore, employ those means unjustly?"

"You must at least be aware that you are liable to be shot for fighting against your king."

"How many deserve that death for waging war against their country?"

"I perceive you are an inveterate partisan of the Usurper."

"I am an inveterate enemy to *all* Usurpers."

"Young man, your arrogant obstinacy will compel me to bring you before a Court Martial."

"Do your duty, Sir, I shall endeavour to do mine."

"Soldiers'!, take him away."

Thus ended his examination. The offi-

cer, on revolving the subject in his mind, thought it hardly possible but that this youth must be some person of distinction, and the homeliness of his garb a mere artifice of concealment. Under that impression, he deemed it more advisable to refer the matters to his superiors, and to have him immediately conveyed to Paris under a strong escort.

In consequence, Henry Solignac de Clermont was safely confined within the walls of the Conciergerie.

The enthusiastic, misguided youth, had swelled Napoleon's triumphant Cortege, fought in his cause at Waterloo, was amongst the last that quitted the field, hastened to the army of reserve before Paris, in the vain hopes that resistance would be made against the rapid approaches of the victorious army; then,

journeying southward, joined the few scattered troops that still remained embodied. After a series of personal exertions that would have subdued any constitution less vigorous than his own, and after having performed matchless feats of daring, he concluded his military career by becoming a prisoner in the hands of those, in whose service he had previously drawn his sword, being amongst the first that openly declared and, the last that fought, for that very man, he had set out with a determination to extirpate.

The impression made by Henry s conduct and manner on the officer prompted the latter to transmit, with his prisoner, such a letter to the Minister of War, as to excite the attention of that statesman, who, therefore, determined that the youth should undergo a second examination in

his presence. The Count de Clermont, happening to call on him, willingly agreed to attend, and they both, in a dark misty morning, repaired for that purpose to the Conciergerie.

Little did the Count expect to detect his son in the person of the prisoner, about to be interrogated. But one hour before, his credulity had been duped by a messenger, who had assured him, in hopes perhaps of some immediate reward, that two days ago, he had traced the young Gentleman in some obscure dwelling in the vicinity of Soissons, a town situated North of Paris.

When Henry was brought before him, a recognition did not immediately follow. The young man was much altered in person and in dress; his voice, much affected by the long continued hardships he had undergone, sounded deeper and more

hoarse: besides, the light the room afforded partook of the gloominess of the day, and the supposed culprit was placed at too great a distance from the tribunal of his interrogators, for his features to be distinctly traced by the impaired optics of the old gentlemen, who beheld his entrance with a fierce grin of savage delight, such as marks a tyger's face, when, within the reach of its spring, treads the incautious prey.

Thus began the Minister.

"Young man, attend.—In reply to an interrogatory, in your first examination, you assumed the name of Fremoi—Charles Fremoi, and refused to acknowledge any other Is that your real name: the name your parents gave you?"

"It is not."

"That family name I call upon you to declare?"

"That name I am resolved to conceal."

The firm determined tone of the reply was by the Count construed into obstinate insolence. He started up from his seat, hurried down the steps, approached the prisoner.—

"You, audacious, rebellious, villain—We insist upon knowing it, or that knowledge shall be *extorted* from you."

Henry cast a glance of defiance, then of astonishment on the deliverer of this intemperate address—and father and son stood confest before each other. The flash of indignation now forsook the young man's face, his bosom swelled with other sensations, tears were gushing in his eyes; but recovering from his emotion, he hastily drew his hand across them, and apparently

recovered his self-command. The elder, at first thunderstruck, now shuddered, and felt much more than his son the dread of being recognized for the parent of a rebel, a recreant from his Liege. He slowly retreated to his seat, and did not for some time again interfere.

" At least, resumed the Minister, we may expect to hear your reasons for withholding the information."

" That reason (for there is but one) I have no hesitation to avow."

" Be so good as to state it."

Here the Count was all attention and fear.

" I conceal my family name, because it were *unjust* to involve relatives in the consequences of a conduct, over which they had no controul."

The Senior revived.

"Did you, from the first, serve in the cause of the Usurper."

"No."

"For whom did you previously bear arms?"

"For the present king."

"Are you aware of the consequences to yourself from such an avowal."

"I am."

"In what corps did you then serve?"

Here the Count's terrors recurred.

"For the reason, just now assigned, I decline answering that question."

"It becomes now quite immaterial: you have already, by your own confession, subjected yourself to a court martial."

"Be it so. I am prepared for the result.—Yet, I might become interrogator in my turn, and inquire by what right you treat me otherwise than as a common prisoner of war."

" Perhaps you don't know, interposed his father, who wished to make him understand the full danger of his situation, that Marshal Ney has been found guilty, and is condemned to be shot: the sentence is to be executed to morrow."

" If so, I had much rather be the condemned Marshal than any of his judges."

" That fate he deserved for being a deserter and a betrayer of his King."

" Whatever were his political sins, he clearly was included in the terms, comprised in the capitulation of Paris."

" But you, Sir, resumed the Statesman, cannot avail yourself even of that poor pretence—you were found in arms, long *after* that capitulation."

" And if I were at large, I should still be in arms, so long as any could be found, to fight on for the liberties of my country."

The Count lifted up his eyes in astonishment and clenched his fist in wrath.—A declaration so jacobinical from the lineal descendant of the Clermonts!—Incredible!—

" One more question I put to you. I desire you, *for your own sake*, weigh well your answer.—You cannot but have accomplices;—declare who they are and where to be found: a remission of the sentence will probably be your reward for the truth of your declaration."

The young man gave the Minister such a look.—It spoke much more forcibly than the most positive denial. Then proudly remained silent.

" Pity, exclaimed his Interrogator, that such zeal and courage should have been prostituted in so vile a cause."

" If you think you possess either of those qualities, apply that remark to yourself."

" It were bootless to proceed in this examination any further, said the Minister, turning to his companion, he shall be immediately consigned over to the proper tribunal, and let him meet the fate his obstinacy deserves."

The *Greffier* put before him the paper for his signature, he steadily read its contents over and, with a firm hand, signed it with the name of Charles Fremoi.

As they were about to remove him to his cell, the instinct of nature was too powerful for his stern determination; he lifted up his eyes towards the seat of his Interrogators, and cast on his father a look, more of tenderness than of reproach,—it intimated the farewel of an *eternal* separation!—The

Count felt the appeal piercing his heart; yet could not return it: a consciousness of inferiority, if not of guilt, made him shrink, shuddering, from his glance. When he mustered up sufficient resolution to face the victim of his prejudices, he only had a few glimpses, as his son, his back now turned, and partially concealed by the attendants behind, was passing under the gloomy arch of the door which immediately after closing, shut him out, as if for ever, from his sight!

However, ere the Examiners departed, upon a suggestion of the Count, which he fearfully delivered, lest it should lead to a detection, the jailor was called in, and orders given him, that the Prisoner be closely confined; no one allowed to speak to him; at the same time, every indulgence be granted, compatible with the security of his person.

CHAPTER X.



A BLOT.

NEVER did a way-worn pedestrian long for his night's lodging with more ardor, than the Count de Clermont felt a desire for seclusion, in order to cast off the courtier and to indulge the man. The last parting bow, squeeze and smile had hardly been interchanged with the state minister when, throwing himself into his

carriage, he gave way to the intemperance of his feelings as they drove him home. He alighted without bestowing the least attention on his attendants about him—not even noticing his daughter's inquiring looks, as he passed by her—hurried to his study, shut himself in, and was visible to no one for the remainder of the day. Louise once gently tapped at the door—he roughly bade her be gone. Blondin alone was allowed to attend him to his bed-room.

Next morning, after a sleepless night, he arose in the same disposition, breakfasted by himself, and had not yet made up his mind how to act in this unfortunate emergency.

Would it be believed? The danger that threatened his son's life was not the chief cause of his present anxiety. His primary

consideration was how to keep the world ignorant of the dreadful, fact that the honors of the Solignacs had been tarnished by his misconduct.

"Good God! that this my only male begotten child, the inheritor of my titles, the lineal descendant of a long list of noble, *unsullied*, ancestors should, in these revolutionary times, have publicly avowed himself a recreant of his king and an abettor of jacobinism! What a disgrace to the family! What a slur on the name! What a blight on the genealogical tree! What a blot on the escutcheon!"

As he was pacing up and down the apartment, a prey to all the torments to which pride and prejudice can subject their victims, his anxious daughter once more requested admittance. With some difficulty the favour was granted. At first, to

her tender inquiries she only received peevish answers—he would not unbosom himself.—Her winning ways, however, began to relax his reserve. She soon perceived that, for some new offence, his wrath against her brother was raging more vehemently than ever. She ventured to inquire whether he was yet found.

"Found!—Ay with a vengeance!"

"How do you mean, Sir?"

"Both safe and secured."

"Secured! where?"

"In the *Conciergerie*! cried he, sternly facing her."

"In the Conciergerie!

"Yes, awaiting his doom."

"What doom?"

"That of being shot as a deserter, as a rebel, and what is worse, he deserves his death."

And, hastily passing by her, he left her in a state of stupefaction from which, however, she aroused herself and, suppressing every outward symptom of grief, prepared to wait upon him in that abode of misery, in order to afford what consolation she could bestow. But the Count, soon returning, aware of her intention, snatched up both her arms, and placing her before him, he fixed his keen inquisitive eye on her face, his own spread over with a livid, *additional*, paleness, and reproachfully inquired, whether she intended to *complete* the dishonour brought on his house by the infamous conduct of her brother.

"What dishonour, Sir, can possibly ensue by my performing a sister's duty, where that duty is so much needed.--Indeed, it were worse than dishonourable to act otherwise."

"What, cried the Senior, stamping the ground in a rage, Solignac is about to be brought to a court martial as a rebel, under an assumed name, and you are going to proclaim to the whole world that this rebel is your brother and heir to the house of Clermont!"

This speech discovered at once to Louise the motive that had engrossed her father's solicitude at this momentous crisis. Her tears, which as yet fortitude had enabled her to repress, now flowed unchecked, provoked by the lack of parental feeling in this unnatural parent.

"Is this, cried she reproachfully, a time for the paltry distinctions of rank, when a violent death awaits your own offspring?"

"Heaven be praised, he is not known as such yet. I fervently hope he never will."

"Do you intend to disown him?"

"He has very properly disowned himself. Of all his acts, since he left me, this the only one in which I recognize my own blood."

"I will never be a party to so unnatural a compromise. If he is to die, I will not quit him.—I will attend to the place of execution.—They shall shoot him in my arms. —One grave will serve for both.—Soldiers are men.—A sister thus suing for a brother's life, will perhaps disarm.—(Then looking upwards in the act of fervent prayer.) Yes, God in his mercy will soften their hearts."

Louise was a dutiful child in the ordinary occurrences of life, but, when unusual cases called for decision on her part, she only consulted the dictates of her reason and the suggestions of her heart; if *these*

pointed one way, in that way she would firmly and undeviatingly persevere: her father knew this by experience. In order to pacify her, he gave her to know, that no access could be granted to the prisoner. That he should obtain admittance to-morrow, when the court martial would have closed its investigation, and that, the next day, he would obtain for her a permission to see him and to remain some hours with him. He besought her, in the mean time, to keep concealed the cause of her grief, and not reveal to the world the disgrace that had so cruelly visited them.

To this rational injunction, Louise submitted, and waited with all the resignation she could command to-morrow's awful decision, not, however, without indulging a latent hope that it would prove much more favourable than her father seemed to

anticipate. And here she must be acquitted of the charge of entertaining unreasonable expectations: for, with her intimate knowledge of her brother's character, how could she suppose that he had, so widely and so soon acted in contradiction of his lofty notions of rectitude, as to commit any deed that should *deservedly* induce his judges to pass sentence of death upon him.

CHAPTER XI.



SISTERLY LOVE.

THAT day came; the labours of the court-martial soon terminated. The young man did not attempt to palliate, avowed the fact and gloried in his deeds. The sentence was such as the reader is already apprized of: the execution to take place on the sixth day after this. This sentence it was thought politic not to remit, for the

sake of discipline, on the ground that his execution, combined with that of Marshal Ney, would not fail being considered as an awful warning to *every* rank of the French army.

The Count soon received the fatal information. Under the colour of some specious pretence and without exciting any suspicion, as to the degree of affinity in which he stood to the prisoner, he had obtained a general permission to visit him. Louise who watched his every motion whilst he tarried in the house, with a tremulous voice and tearful eye, tendered him a folded paper, which she besought him to deliver to her unfortunate brother. Since she was not allowed to attend him immediately, the perusal, she said, might afford him some consolation, during the time she was prevented from seeing him. This he

promised to do: then in a plain dress and otherwise disguised, he through the postern gate stepped into a hackney coach, and was driven to the prison.

With every endeavour to conceal the father, which a long practice in the art of dissimulation hardly enabled him to do in the present instance, he inquired after the youth and was in consequence conducted to his cell. He found him sitting on a stone bench, bending over his knees in a meditation so intense, that the intrusion did not appear to disturb him. His face was turned from the light that fell a slant in the room, as if he were courting deeper glooms than those his prison afforded. The Count stood watching him even some time after the door had closed, and when he attempted to speak, some indescribable sensation denied him utterance.—His son, looking

up, perceived the intruder, muffled up in his cloak.

" Who are you, Sir?—Are you also one condemned to death for doing his duty,—or perchance some wretch placed here to worm out what secrets I may have?—I am told there exists such villains."

" Henry, said the Count, I am your father, who comes to visit you."

" Then, Sir, this kindness atones for all."

" I would wish to save you."

" I don't wish to live."

" Come, come, arouse yourself from this state of despondence,—much may be forgiven to youth."

" I have done nothing that needs forgiveness."

" This obstinacy is incredible.—For my sake—for your sister's sake, hear me."

This was touching the right cord: the young man looked up all attention.

"I believe I can obtain a remission of the sentence and your liberation, on some such conditions as these.—Are you willing to leave the kingdom?"

"Yes."

"So far it is well."

"It is what I should have done, as I can no longer be of any service in it."

"In a few months, when this unfortunate affair is blown over, I may obtain your recal."

"It must rest with me whether I accept it or not."

"Be it so. By that time you will surely have recanted the detestable doctrines that have brought you here."

"Never, whilst I live."

"Promise then at least, upon your honor, that you will dissemble them, and endeavour to appear what you ought to be."

"I promise that I will ever endeavour to

appear what I ought to be; and in order so to do, I will never recant, nor conceal the principles I have adopted."

"What! not if your life is to fall a sacrifice to your infatuation?"

"My life!—There is nothing in this world that can stamp it with a value: it is a burden to me and a misery to others."

"Then you are determined to be shot as a deserter and as a rebel."

"Blame not me for this iniquitous sentence: blame those, your political friends, that have pronounced it."

"So you are resolved to refuse, from your father's interference, a rescue from a violent death—the boon of life."

"No, Father. I willingly would accept that boon. I here acknowledge with gratitude your paternal interference, but let

it be unconditional, or at least unclogged with conditions honor forbids me to comply with."

"This is surely wilful blindness! How can you thus talk of conditions incompatible with honour, when, with the preservation of your life, I would restore you to every principle of true honor. Veneration for the name you bear, loyalty to your king, duty to your father, and a right estimation of the distinguished rank you are to hold in society."

"All I can now say is, that we view things through quite a different medium."

"Wherefore should my son's conceptions on such revered topics be different from those, invariably maintained by a long line of ancestry?"

"Dear Sir, I am no more bound to adhere to their notions, than I have a right to pre-

scribe any to those that are to follow me."

"Mere verbiage this, down-right non-sense—the cant of the day.

"Suppose our situations were reversed."

"Well."

"That you should be confined in this place by the tyranny of Bonaparte, as I am now by the satellites of your king."

"What follows?"

"Suppose I were to come and offer you life and liberty, on the same conditions you would prescribe to me?"

"What conditions?"

"That you should openly renounce Louis XVIIIth, and profess yourself a partizan of him, whom you consider an Usurper.—What would your answer be?"

"Oh! you infatuated wretch! don't you see that the case is widely different."

"Abstractedly of persons, the case is exactly the same.

"And is the loss of your consequence in society nothing? Can you, a Solignac, condescend to stoop into a mere plebian?"

"Any thing I can bear, so long as I retain one feeling."

"What is that feeling."

"Need I tell it you? —*Self esteem.*— Deprived of that support, life is a burden, I could not a moment uphold."

"You obstinate, blind-folded fool! It is only by what I propose that it can be regained."

"Pardon me, Sir. Self-esteem can never inhabit the breast of him who, to save his life, acts contrary to his notions of rectitude; or is afraid to avow the principles he has recognized in his heart."

"Is this all the answer I can obtain from you."

"It is the best I am able to give. It were needless to trouble you with any other."

"Thou disgrace to me and mine! Hear me, (with a voice partly choked with passion) hear me.—Though your death will be such a shock as I probably shall not survive, I had much rather we *both* should cease to live, than that you should remain a living blot on my name and ancestry.—Once more will, you accept a release on the terms I mentioned?"

"I ought not and, therefore, I will not."

"Then die the death of a traitor, and may a father's curse—but mark me.—It is most fitting that the sentence should appear to have been executed on some obscure,

ignoble, fanatic, who leaves behind no dignified relatives to blush for his disgrace."

"Be it so."

"Is this, then, the reward for all the trouble I have taken? Is this the result of the high-minded notions I have endeavored to inculcate?—Are all the hopes I proudly formed of your supporting with becoming dignity the illustrious name of your forefathers, to be blasted by one ignominious exit?—Is it thus, that with you terminates the family line!"

Henry still remained silent.

"Ungrateful, misguided boy! fanatical wretch! Since you still obstinately persist in courting that infamous death, to your fate I leave you—adieu. You have seen me for the last time."

And with increased wrath he was moving to the door.

"I beseech you, Father, one word more."

The elder returned, he listened with anxious suspense, in hopes that the youth was relenting.

"Ere I quit this life, resumed Henry, with an emotion he did not attempt to conceal, there is one I ardently desire to hear from and, if possible, to fold in my arms. Where is Louise?—How is my sister?"

"*Ta sœur*, replied the Count with a fierceness proportionate to his disappointment.—*Ta sœur! Tu n'en as plus. Elle fait comme moi. Elle te renonce.*"

So saying, he hurried from his son and left him, at that time, the most wretched of human beings in this world of sorrows.

Reft of every other external solace, he had cherished the hope that his sister, who knew his motives would approve his con-

duct and sympathize in his feelings. Her former letter, every line of which his memory still retained, seemed to countenance that belief; and now he was told that, at this dreadful moment, within a few days of his death, that stay, the only one on which he fondly rested, was removed from him. She, it seems, also sided with his father, and reprobated that line of conduct that had subjected him to the fate of a convicted criminal!—Yet hope in his bosom still lingered.

"Surely before my last day closes, she will visit me in prison, she will hear me, recall her censure and weep for having wronged me."

How his ear caught—how his heart throbbed at any sound that bore the faintest indication of approaching steps! How depressive the many disappointments!

Hope fainter and fainter revived—and sickened more and more. But, when another day had gone by and no friendly voice broke in upon his ear, no female form gladdened his sight, no sisterly, consoling, endearments cheered his drooping spirits, no human being to feel for his situation and, for a short time, to partake of the gloom of his solitude. This total abandonment unmanned him; the weakness of nature prevailed; his fortitude forsook him; the cruelty of her neglect wrung his heart, and tears in abundance gushed from his eyes.

To this effusion succeeded the most gloomy abstraction.—Abandoned by the world, the ties that held him to it were fast severing, and he finally sunk into a desponding apathy, hardly conscious of

his impending doom—nay of his present existence.—It was still the same lamp: but ,the fire within blazed no longer and darkness had invaded its precints.

CHAPTER XII.

A BLOW.

THE Count de Clermont returned home baffled, perplexed, enraged. Louise followed him into his study. He thus anticipated her inquiries.

"Your brother is a wretch—an incorrigible wretch. He deserves his death—he wishes to die, and die he shall."

"God forbid, Sir.—Surely your nu-

merous and powerful friends can interfere with effect"

"Whatever interest I can command I would have employed, even at the risk of committing myself: but the infernal principles he has imbibed he still retains. Nor could I obtain from him even a promise of dissembling them.—Surely never was a parent so cruelly circumstanced.—But, by Heaven, if he is to live, he shall not disgrace my house—the family I sprung from."

Louise, with grief, perceived the failure of those hopes she had indulged—namely, that the dreadful situation of the son would have subdued the inflexibility of the father; and that the voice of nature could have silenced that of prejudice.

"And my letter, Sir?"

"What letter?"

"The paper I gave you."

"Why, said he, searching for it, in my anger I really forgot.—Indeed I saw no occasion for it: you may as well preach to a stone.—Take it back, here it is."

"Good heavens, he will now suppose that I have also forsaken him.—I will instantly go."

"You shall not stir hence."

"I claim your promise."

"Yes, for to-morrow, if I can obtain an order for admittance, and that is hardly possible. Your visit can do no good, it may be productive of serious consequences—besides night is coming on."

"Nay, Sir, the closing day will the better screen me from detection."

"Don't mention it,—you can, on no account, be admitted at the present late hour."

She now knelt to him, in order to obtain his assent.

"I beseech you, Sir, indulge me in this my most ardent wish."

"Don't pester me, Girl, I have other things to attend to than all such female whinings."

And he broke from her—she followed him to the outer room: and in her attempt to detain him, caused the scene described by Madame Jodelle.—In consequence, that night, next day and a part of the following morning, she was at intervals delirious; and though much abatement ensued, she was not able to act for herself before that morning was far gone, when Mr. Domville presented his letter of introduction to the Count.

That gentleman no sooner went away, than she appeared before her father. She

was arrayed in deep mourning; her air, step and manner solemn, firm and decisive, yet her voice tremulous in its sound.

"Sir, I think it right to inform you, that I am going to visit my condemned brother in his cell.—Your violence has for nearly two days prevented me from fulfilling that most sacred, paramount, duty. Good God! (Clasping her hands) what an additional wretchedness has your unkindness inflicted on both him and me."

Louise, I charge you beware."

"Sir, I a'so inform you that henceforth, in whatever concerns my brother, I shall only be guided by my own suggestions.—A submission to paternal authority, at my age, supposes an implicit reliance in its wisdom."

"Very well, Madam, very fine."

"My intention however, in compliance with your wish, is to attend him in the

most private manner.—In order to give greater effect to my consolations, am I allowed, Sir, to add the assurance of your forgiveness."

The Count, who knew his daughter too well, now that she was in her altitudes, as he called them, to entertain any expectation of prevailing upon her to desist, only inquired how long she would be absent.

"I shall stay with him the remainder of the day.—And surely, Sir, you will doubtless avail yourself of what time is left, in order to endeavour a reprieve."

"Louise, said the Count, haughtily, here is an order for admission,—but beware of discovering your affinity to that vagabond; and (raising his voice) presume not to dictate to your father."

He then left her and she proceeded to the Conciergerie as before mentioned.

Although Mademoiselle de Clermont had seldom ventured abroad, unattended, before now, the timidity, the diffidence of the sex was discarded. —All that was not real modesty, real virtue, vanished before the deep sense of the sacred obligation she was performing.—She beheld the high walls of the prison, she passed through the massive ponderous gate, she heard its deep, sullen, sound close upon her, she saw the woe-begone objects of detention with no other feelings than what could be associated with her brother's situation.

As she approached the cell that enclosed him, she nearly sunk under the pressure of the tumultuous sensations that assailed her. But when the door was unlocked, her tenderness, encreasing tenfold by the sight of of its object, gave her new strength.—She, unheeding every observer, flew to him, ex-

claiming: my Brother! my Brother!, and flung her arms around his neck, expecting the solace of a reciprocal effusion of tenderness.—Alas! she only pressed to her bosom a human being, sunk into a state of stupid insensibility.

Her shrieks, her plaints, her imploring looks, her appeals to heaven, struck every heart but the one she wished to revive. Too intent upon her charge to notice any other object, she strove to subdue the acuteness of her grief, and suppressed every excess that would impede her endeavours to recover him from that alarming depression.

It was then that she called into action those affectionate expressions, those tender caresses, those soft endearments, all the powerful resources of female eloquence in manner, voice, tears and supplications, in order to win her way to his heart. Such

bland ministrations and the warm chastity of kindred affection, to the full as powerful as the impassionate exclamations of a lover, were not ineffectual. Henry revived—and the noble spirit of a Hero rekindled at the altar of sisterly love.

It was impossible that any unworthy suspicion could remain in the breasts of those who witnessed this scene. The governor with his attendants had softly withdrawn, fearful to interrupt, and he forbidding others from interrupting, this amiable girl in the sacred functions of her duty.

Henry now in his turn pressed her to his heart, threw his arms round her neck, sobbed in her bosom; then wiping away his tears, resumed his noble port, understood and challenged the full rigour of his situation, determined to die worthy of her and of himself.

"Yes, Brother, dearly as I value your life, it were better to die than to live meanly: but the dreadful deed is not yet consummated—Good Heaven! (cried she, passionately,) is it possible, that in a civilized, *enlightened*, country, the noble, though mistaken, impulse of virtue, should meet the fate of hardened villany! Our father, bigotted as he is, must still be a father; he has influence, he shall exert it. I will also endeavour, perhaps more successfully,—who knows what the activity, the zeal, the fervor, the love of a near relative may effect."

In those buoyant moments, she felt all the enlivening hope she would inspire her brother with; every difficulty seemed to vanish. He forbore to depress her spirits by any intimation of his distrust. But when the hour of separation arrived, the

poignancy of grief, was too much for herself-controul, and Henry in his turn became her comforter, pointing out the expectations she herself had held out, with the possibility of their being realized.

On her return, she spent the greater part of the night in writing out the packet Domville received, without having as yet, determined into whose care it should be consigned.

Our Hero's letter and the correspondence that followed, which the Reader has already perused, induced Mademoiselle de Clermont to commit her brother's fate principally to his interference.—The success or miscarriage of which we shall proceed to unfold in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.



THE TUILERIES.

THE Reader will not here be detained with a pompuous enumeration of those devices usually employed, in order to give dignity and splendour to a court-exhibition day, miscalled a *Levee*. If we have not very unskilfully narrated the preceding events, his heart must now be too deeply affected for the influence of mere parade and glitter, however stately the display.

Domville's presentation passed on: His Majesty did not honor him with any particular notice, owing perhaps to the multiplicity of objects which in rapid succession passed before him. The ceremony over, which to his impatience appeared endless, the King withdrew, was for sometime closeted with the British Ambassador, and our Hero, with a throbbing heart, awaited the result.

In about twenty minutes, his Excellency re-appeared and singling him out, with a smiling countenance, told him that he would now do himself the pleasure of conducting him to his Majesty, who had perused his letter, was at leisure, and very desirous to see him.

" Mr. Domville, said the Monarch, cheerfully on his admission and ere he had concluded the usual obeisance, your letter

has revived scenes, many years past, with the remembrance of a service I ought never to have forgotten. I can tell your Excellency (turning to the Ambassador) that, when in England, I once got into an awkward sort of a difficulty, what I believe in English, you call a *scrape*: from which I was extricated by that Gentleman's gallantry and presence of mind, highly honorable to both his head and heart."

"I beg to assure your Majesty, I should not have presumed to hint at such a subject, but for the furtherance of the very important commission with which I am entrusted: so short is the time allowed me for its execution."

"Well, Sir, indulge me with the particulars of your case, you never had a Hearer in a more favorable disposition."

Here the Ambassador, whose penetra-

tion led him to suspect that his presence could be well spared, bowed and withdrew. When they were by themselves, after suitable acknowledgments for his Majesty's condescension, our Hero entered upon the story of the young prisoner in the Conciergerie; every particular contained in the packet, not omitting the scene he himself had witnessed, were disclosed and, while he admitted the misguided conduct of the son, he ascribed the principle share of the blame to his father, whose injudicious and fanatical precepts had produced effects the very reverse of those intended. He concluded by requesting a respite of the sentence, till the truth of those facts he had stated had been investigated by such as his Majesty should think fit to appoint, for that purpose.

" I myself will be the investigator, cried

the Monarch good naturedly, your narration interests me in many ways. The Count de Clermont has ever been a faithful adherent to my cause; but he is certainly bigoted to excess. His son, I now recollect, being presented to me; the highest expectations were entertained of him: I remember I was, at the time much struck with his air and manner, they both, to my conception, indicated a real, youthful, hero. His supposed death I did lament for his father's sake: to him it would have been a grievous loss.—But he has a daughter, besides—a most lovely creature, I am told; and as praise-worthy as she is handsome."

Here our Negociator, his face in a glow, stammered out some incoherent expressions.—His emotion betrayed him.

"Ah, Domville, Monsieur Domville!

Love is, I perceive at the bottom of all this—The usual Intermedler—It is the lady's charms that prompt you to feel for the gentleman's fate."

"I assure you, Sire, that with the exception of the few moments I spent with Mademoiselle de Clermont in Wales, I have not once beheld her.—Yet, I don't know how it is—I fancy I can trace virtue, loveliness, filial and sisterly affection, in every line of those pages, the purport of which I have disclosed to your Majesty."

Bravo, bravo! exclaimed Louis! he is engaged deeper and deeper still. Alas! poor Man! Who is to get him out of this *scrape*?"

And he laughed heartily: Domville joined him with what face he could.—Then proceeded sportively.

"In this scrape I wish ever to remain,

would but your Majesty extricate her poor brother out of his. Then more seriously. Indeed, Sire, unless you interpose your authority, he dies to-morrow."

"True, the most urgent must first be provided for.—Stay."

He then wrote a few words upon a sheet of paper, which he delivered, folded up, into Domville's hands.

"Take this to the Minister of the interior: It contains an order for the suspension of the execution. Perhaps, added he with a significant smile, you would not be sorry to convey the welcome tidings to Miss de Clermont in person.—When *both* these commissions are executed, I expect to see you here again."

"I certainly shall not fail of paying my respects—of expressing my heartfelt thanks to your Majesty."

"Very good; but, whilst you are employed in one direction, the sooner to bring this good work to bear, I must be active in another quarter. During your absence I shall send for the Count; It were unjust to condemn him unheard: In that view your presence here will be necessary, in addition to the pleasure I feel in your society.—But, (seeing him trembling with impatience) time urges. Go, Sir, and quickly return. Happiness on such an occasion, cannot fail attending you. As soon as you arrive here, the bare delivery of your name will insure admission."

The good Monarch attended our Hero to the head of the stairs, and with every token of regard suffered him to depart.

Domville's heart beat high: he hurried

from the palace, with rapid strides reached the office of the minister, to whom he delivered his order, and from whom he readily obtained an assurance that it should be immediately signified to and acted upon by the proper officers.—He then departed and soon regained, not the Clermont hotel, but his own lodgings. Although tidings so very welcome may seem to authorize him to venture as the bearer into the presence of his Lady, with the delicacy of a true lover, he still restricted himself to the only channel of conveyance she had as yet allowed.

Madame Jodelle was in attendance, trembling with anxiety and dread.—"Well, Sir," her agitation denied her further utterance.

"Mrs. Jodelle, I am the happiest of

mortals! Great and glorious news! It is all right, her brother's life is safe.—Here, (sitting down to his desk,) speed with this to the Count's hotel."

The laundress soon hurried away with the following note.

Madam,

I have only time to inform you that Mr. de Solignac's sentence is respited. I make no doubt that his life is not only spared, but that he will very soon obtain his liberation. The king has granted me all that I could well ask in the first instance. With my heartfelt gratulations for the fortunate termination of this affair, I have the honor to remain,

Madam,

Your ever devoted, humble servant,

C. N. Domville.

This done, when Madam Jodelle had departed, it cannot be supposed that the precincts of a room could contain, in such an emergency, any one who had the power of loco-motion. Our Hero after two or three strides hurried, elate, to the hotel of the British Ambassador, informed him of the success of his application,—poured out his thanks in so rapturous, so voluble, and to any one unacquainted with the story, in so incoherent, so extravagant a manner, as to create both astonishment and entertainment: then, hardly tarrying to hear any congratulatory reply, hurried away, in order to take his station, beside the King of France, in the Palace of the Tuileries.

Louise de Clermont, had not been idle on her part, she had instigated her father to take some decisive steps for her brother's

rescue from the impending doom. He sallied out, promising so to do. She then waited on several ladies, whose husbands, she presumed, had much influence in the state : yet, though, in order to excite their more active co-operation, she openly avowed herself the sister to that unfortunate youth, very faint hopes of success could be gathered from their promises of assistance.

She had hardly returned home, disconsolate and disheartened, when her good angel, in the shape of Madame Jodelle, brought to her every comfort,—every joy—by the production of Domville's short epistle, prefaced as it was by her rapturous expressions of gladness.

Louise fell on her knees, returned fervent thanks to God and to him, bade her return immediately and assure her benefactor of

her lasting gratitude, then stepping into her carriage, which she had ordered to be kept in readiness till after her previous visits, she was carried with every possible speed to the Conciergerie.

The Governor hastened to receive her: The king's order had already arrived, and, as he was congratulating her on that information, he handed her into a private apartment, whither her brother had already been conducted, then respectfully bowing, left them together.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INTERVIEW.

RETURN we now to the apartment in the Tuileries occupied by the King of France. Immediately after our Negociator's departure, he dispatched two officers on different errands: the one was to bring the Count de Clermont to his presence; to the other orders were given that Charles Fremoi should be, forthwith, brought out

from the Conciergerie to the Palace. Never did his Majesty feel so *restless* as on the present occasion.

The truth is, he had caught part of the enthusiasm that animated our Englishman. Weary of the formal heartless etiquette of a court, the affecting tale he had heard delivered by the impassionate Narrator was as congenial to his feelings, as a bland May morning is refreshing to the spirits of those, long pent up in the tense atmosphere of a crowded room. His share in the good action about to be performed delighted him, and his heart prompted him to the adoption of the best manner of performing it.

Everlasting gratitude to the Author of our being! who has infused into acts of beneficence the sweetest, purest, most exquisite, most lasting delight, and who has placed in their commission that which

approximates Man nearest to HIM!—Whoever peruses these pages, let him foster and cherish to the end, and by practice entertain in all its *caloric*, the celestial attribute. It will relieve the prosperous from the apathy attendant on constant enjoyment,—cheer the wretched in the hour of affliction,—enliven the decline of age,— prolong the life of the soul to the end of its terrestrial existence, and fit it for a state of bliss hereafter.

Domville, who at that time felt its full ethereal essence, returned to the Monarch ere the Count's arrival. The latter in compliance with his daughter's entreaties and, we hope, with the concurrence of his own heart, had been making some attempts to obtain the intercession of a nobleman, high in the king's confidence; but in so guarded a manner, as if he were cautiously

proceeding to lay siege to a place, fortified by the skill of a Vauban. He had left the great man, not altogether satisfied with the *tone* which the assurance of support was given in; and was strolling up and down the great avenue, forlorn and undecided how to act, when he received his Master's mandate.

He was announced just at the time when Henri de Solignac was in attendance. This latter the king directed to be conducted into an adjoining closet and gave orders for the Count's admission.—As this nobleman made his entrance, onr Hero, who viewed him with no very friendly feelings, stepped aside.—Thus abruptly began the Monarch.

Monsieur le Comte,—I have just learned, in a very fortuitous manner, of your son's disappearance. This information I cannot say that I received with regret, because as

I always understood that he had perished, fighting in our cause, the present calamity is not so irremediable as absolute death.—Say, Sir, for you can but tell, is my information correct?"

"Sir, said the Elder, stammeringly, my son certainly disappeared to my most vexatious grief."

"Doubtless you made every exertion to trace him."

"I certainly did: but—but, after all to very little purpose."

"In that case we have been more fortunate than you. This gentleman can tell where he was to be found this morning, and I can tell you where he is now.—Speak, Sir,—in what part of the world is the *present* residence of Solignac de Clermont."

"Here Domville advancing replied:

"If my information be correct, and I have every reason to believe it is so, he has been and was this morning a prisoner in the Conciergerie."

The Count sprung back, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"For what imputed crime is he detained a prisoner, resumed the King."

As having been taken in the act of fighting against your Majesty's troops, for which he has been condemned by a court-martial to be shot, the execution to take place to-morrow."

"Were you apprized of these circumstances before, Count?"

"Alas, Sire, they are but too true."

"What steps have you taken to avert the execution of the sentence?"

The Father thus stammered out his reply, conscience struck:

"I cannot say, but—that—I—I,—then ckily recollecting his attempt of this morning, he proceeded with more coherence."—Sire, I have just left *Monsieur de Blancas*, who has promised me the benefit of his interference."

"Did you ever see the youth, resumed the King to Domville."

"Only once."

"Where was that?"

"In a lonely place in North Wales, called the Hermit's cave."

"Was his father then present?"

"Yes, Sire."

De Clermont, do you know that English Gentleman?"

"I had the honor of his visit, I believe, the day before yesterday."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"If I did, I assure your Majesty that my memory fails me."

"He relates a strange story of which he asserts being a witness, I mean the singular device you adopted, in order to bind your son to the same cause you have ever so zealously supported."

"I am certainly much beholden to that gentleman's officiousness in interfering with my family's concerns: yet I do not know by what right or by what information, he—"

"Sir, interrupted the king sternly, when a parent neglects his most sacred duty; it is fitting that some one else should perform it in his stead.—Do you admit the truth of the story?" "I need not, I believe, repeat it."

"Sire, whatever I then did, and have

done, has invariably been to promote the cause of my Sovereign."

"I believe you, Count; but, in this instance, you never could have devised worse measures for the fulfilment of your intentions. Yet there may be some mistake in all this. Let us see if we cannot establish the fact, beyond the possibility of deception."

So saying, he stepped into the closet; but in addition to the Prisoner, he found unexpectedly another person, the presence of whom, however, delayed his appearance but a few moments. The Count, all the while, in trembling expectation, knew not what to surmise.—The King entered first.

"*Monsieur le Comte*, cried he, his countenance beaming with benevolence, we are *doubly* fortunate. Instead of one, here are *both* your children.—*Venez, mon Jeune*

Ami.—Entrez, Mademoiselle, votre presence donnèra un surcroit de plaisir à cette rencontre inopinée."

Then appeared with Henry, handed in by her Sovereign, his lovely sister! As she courtesied on her admission, her face and neck glowed with blushes.—The parent's astonishment was great, that of Domville extreme,—his delight no less so.

The flower bud he had beheld in the Hermit's Cave was now blossoming in all its beauty: in the Palace of the King of France, in his private apartment, and in his Majesty's presence, he beheld, for the first time, its expansion.

The Monarch looked around him with ineffable delight, conscious that of the blessings about to be conferred he was the dispenser.—Thus he broke the silence that prevailed.

" De Clermont, say. Is this youth your lost Son, or is it only Charles Fremoi ?"

" Sire, it is my own son."

" Then you own him as such."

" If your Majesty's goodness can forgive the crime he has committed."

" I have committed no crime, interrupted Henry firmly."

His father stared, Louise shuddered at his boldness, Domville knew not whether to blame or to praise him.

" Right my Friend, observed the King mildly, you may have erred ; but, as the intention was pure, your heart is not criminal. —Indeed, Monsieur le Comte, your zeal for my service has hurried you into extremities far more blamable. A diadem is a worthless object in my sight, were it to be gained by such means.—Now for the repairing of all this mischief. By the favor

of this Gentleman, I am acquainted with every particular. Furnished with that knowledge, I hereby annul all the proceedings of the Court Martial.—De Solignac, you are free. —All France is open to you: you may stay in it or leave it, just as it suits your inclination."

Henry was greatly affected a generosity so congenial reached his heart's inmost recess.—Yet the sternness of republican principles did not immediately yield to reviving loyalty, the inward struggle was at its height when the Count nearly spoiled all.

"Come, Sir, kneel to your Sovereign, in thanks for his generous mercy, and promise for the future an implicit devotion to his cause."

At these words the young man drew up, his pride returned, and with folded arms he remained sullenly silent. The countenance

of Louise became suddenly clouded; she cast a reproachful look on her father; and Domville, more violently displeased, looked as if he would have knocked him down, whilst the Count, no less wrathful, gnashed his teeth and clenched his cane, longing to apply the latter on his Son's shoulders.

"*Eh, Monsieur le Comte,* cried the Monarch highly offended, *rendezvous á la nature: votre fils se rendra sans peine á ses devoirs*" —Then kindly taking him by the hand.— "*Allez, mon jeune Ami, je vous remets entre les mains de votre sœur. Elle sait bien mieux quel language it faut tenir á un cœur comme le votre.*"

Here, for the first time, Henry felt a suppleness in his knees; bending one, he respectfully held the hand the king was tendering him to rise, and stooping over it, with a voice that bespoke his emotion;

"*Ah, Sire! votre bonté—votre magnanimité m'acable—vous avez vaincu.*"

The Monarch raised him, pressed his hand within his, and placing himself between brother and sister, was gallantly leading them out, when stopping short as if something remained undone, he quitted them, and stepping up to Domville, to whom he gave a significant, benevolent, smile, thus introduced him to the young Lady.

"*Mademoiselle de Clermont me permettra de lui presenter un Etranger et, toutes fois, une ancienne connaissance. Mademoiselle—en declarant en votre presence les obligations que vous lui devez, je prends la meilleure methode de m'acquitter de celles que je lui dois.*"

"*Pas même vous, Sire*, replied the warm hearted Maid, with an expression of voice

and action, in which delight, gratitude, and admiration were blended, *pas même vous, Sire.—Dieu seul peut le recompenser des services qu'il nous a rendus.*"

Here the Count thought proper to put in his share of thanks; but the wording and delivery of which, although in his best courtly style, sounded very cold and tame just after his Daughter's effusion. The Clermont family then departed; but the King detained Domville some time longer, during which, he rehearsed with animation some of the incidents that befel him during his residence in England, amongst these, the *scrape,* as he called it, was again brought on the carpet. In the height of this conversation, the Minister for foreign affairs was announced.

"*Quoi!* cried the Monarch with a fallen, rueful, aspect, *sitot! et toujours accompagué*

de ce porte-feuille enorme!—Eh bien donc, puisqu'il en faut passer par la, je m'y soumets.—Adieu, Monsieur Domvillé, revoyez moi souvent; ce sera une charité."

And, as the state Minister entered with his enormous port-folio, our Hero, profuse in expressions of thanks and admiration, took his leave with feelings then partaking of *Beatitude!*

Thus terminated an interview to which the pen of the Author of Waverly alone could have done adequate justice.

CHAPTER XV.

VISITS.

AS Ladies contrive to prolong the pleasures of a splendid entertainment, even beyond its consummation, by rehearsing in their friendly morning calls the incidents and peculiarities connected with the decorations, the company, the dresses, the dance, the supper, &c. so every performer in the above drama, the Count excepted,

may be said to reap an *aftermath* of satisfaction, from a retrospection of the interesting subject that gave so much play to the heart's best feelings: even Madame Jodelle, without any scruple, took for her share more glee than she was entitled to from the subordinate part allotted to her.

For that day and the next, Louisa and her brother were almost inseparable companions: the transient shudderings excited by a recollection of their past dangers, only enhanced the enjoyment of their present felicity. Domville was all life and soul; and his Majesty's cheerfulness was expanded over the faces of his courtiers, at the same time, they remarked that he was never known to have been so absent.—Doubtless, during such abstraction, he was no less delightfully engaged.

About noon of the third day, an equi-

page, containing the Count with his son and daughter, stopped before Renaud's house, the footman, alighting, enquired after Mr. Domville, who unfortunately happened to be absent. The fact was, that for reasons best known to a lover, he had been taking his morning meal in the very coffee-house that fronted the Count's hotel, and had in consequence the felicity of seeing Mademoisele Louise Adelle de Clermont step into this identical carriage, little aware of its destination. A card was then left and the carriage with its inmates drove home. So true it is, that in search of one gratification, we often miss a greater.

The next morning, as he was with heart elate preparing to return the visit, Henry de Solignac being announced, he witnessed the entrance of a most prepossessing youth, such, however, as he could well conceive the

brother of his Louise to be.—All vestiges of the late calamity appeared obliterated. Domville had seen the youthful cedar exposed to the storm and some of its branches shattered by its fury; he now beheld the majestic stem erect, and its sprays sporting in the breeze that gently murmured among its foliage.

"Sir, said Henry, with an ease and frankness of manner highly becoming, had we succeeded in paying you the family visit we intended yesterday, it would not have satisfied me: and now that I am more fortunate in the present call, allow me, I beseech you, often to repeat it."

"Sir, I feel too sensibly the honour you and the Count intended doing me, to omit returning you my respectful acknowledgements. I was just going to wait on you for that purpose."

"Then, Sir, I will at your leisure attend you to our house. I am impatient to present my sister to you,—She is as desirous as I am of expressing her gratitude to her brother's deliverer; and I am proud in acknowledging you as such."

This sort of introduction over, the Gentlemen conversed for a short time on indifferent topics: they then proceeded to the Count's hotel. During their walk, what reserve remained was fast wearing off. As if Solignac guessed the secret wish of Domville, he said, on shewing him into a parlour;

"My father is, I believe, occupied in his study, in the mean time, I will just step out and call Louise."

Our Englishman, the few minutes he was left to himself, felt all the variable sensations of hope and fear: his heart beat high, his face was in a glow, it then grew pale,

and his pulse hardly told: the ardour of desire and the chill of despondency produced alternately the fever and the ague. This violent conflict was suspended on the entrance of the young Lady, ushered in by the brother: respect, admiration and love, next to adoration, now took possession of his soul.

Louise stepped up to him, her lovely features expressive of the most grateful, benevolent, sensations for the signal service he had done her.

"Mr. Domville,—behold us both, from the most dreadful calamity, restored to each other, happy and increasing in happiness, all through your means.—We cannot, —(and tears gushed in her eyes) *You* must be your own Remunerator."

Our Hero, bowing, would have replied, and with strict truth, that he was already

greatly overpaid, but his emotion denied him utterance, and bending over the lily hand held out to him, he ventured with his lips.—Let your Sensualists extol their grosser pleasures; he felt a more exquisite delight in that slight favour, than they ever obtained during the completion of their desires.

"Sister, interposed Henry, let us not distress Mr. Domville with the warmth of our acknowledgments. He who can perform such acts, may well judge of our feelings towards him."

They then sat down, and a delightful conversation followed on subjects interesting to each. Henry astonished our more phlegmatic Englishman with the rapidity, the fervour, the boldness of his conceptions. The Count made his appearance much too soon. They rose, and he, in his turn, paid

his compliments to our Hero. They were internally better received than those he addressed to him in the king's apartment, because more heartily felt and delivered.

On his arising to take leave, he was requested to stay dinner and to spend the evening with them. So warmly was he pressed by the son to consent, and so readily he flattered himself he read a similar invitation on the daughter's countenance, that he, indulging his own inclination, most willingly complied.

This day of tranquil felicity soon fled: Domville reluctantly took his leave. He departed with every disposition to friendship for Solignac and with love for Miss de Clermont, in all its mighty sway, ruling his heart.

Next day, Henry paid him another visit. He was commissioned, he said, by his

father to request the favour of his company to an entertainment, the Monday following.

"We all indulge a hope, he was pleased to add, that *He*, whom we should hail as the *principal* guest, will not deny us the pleasure of his presence."

Domville assured him truly that he would, for his own gratification, accept the invitation. In a day or two he called again at the hotel, and was immediately introduced to the young lady and gentleman; a most agreeable morning he spent in their company, the father happening to be absent. He felt the effects of Louise's charms as powerfully as ever, and Henry, giving way to his flow of spirits, to his brilliant conceptions, to his unstudied eloquence, descanted at large on ethics, religion and politics: with the help of these mighty materials, he erected a most seductive

Utopia: yet it was amusing to hear him, reigning in at length his enthusiasm, conclude by declaring with a rueful aspect, that he apprehended *several ages* must elapse, before mankind could be prepared for the adoption of that beneficial code, he had been just before so warmly recommending to their practice. However, on comparing the matter and manner of his delivery, in this sitting with the previous one, it was perceptible that his *fougue* had been already somewhat tempered by the chastening wisdom of his sister: a circumstance that tended to raise the lady still higher in her lover's estimation.

Thus agreeably with Domville went on each day; he had besides the prospect of a most delightful one on Monday next.—How his imagination revelled in anticipation.— He beheld in fancy *His* Queen,

and the queen of every beholder, receive the homage, the allegiance of her subjects; whether she made them her own by her affability, subdued them by her beauty, controuled them by her superior sense, or awed them by her virtue.—Out of the crowd of admirers, he was already distinguished by his services.—Oh! were his love as fervently noticed, his felicity would be complete!

The day intended for her inauguration and his delight arrived. At an hour unusually early, Henry de Solignac was announced; as he entered, his dress and manner foreboded every thing but festivity.

He came, he said, in order to apologize, if an apology were necessary, for the unfortunate cause that compelled him and his sister to deny themselves the pleasure of Mr. Domville's and their other friends

company on this day.—Last Saturday, his father had been taken suddenly ill: they had hoped that the complaint would have been easily removed, but it increased ever since; from the most alarming symptoms, they had every reason to fear that the patient could not hold out twenty-four hours longer.

Domville, sympathyzing in his concern, requested to know the origin of this complaint.

"The origin, replied Henry warmly, has dwelt in his heart ever since he was a man: it has at length overpowered a constitution otherwise robust.--Ah, my Friend! it is not from you that we should conceal any thing. Ambition has been the constant pursuit and bane of his life. Up to his dying moments, he has been expecting to sit at the helm of the state; but the

king, I must own, luckily for the nation and his own dynasty, perceives the perilous injustice of adopting those measures the violent *Ultras* would prescribe to him. Swayed by a more enlightened policy, he has called round his throne men who can deviate, on occasions, from the intolerant practices of the dark ages; in consequence, it has been signified to my poor father that the offer of his services could not be accepted. He returned home, you may well conceive how disappointed; the rage that possessed him was too much for his weak frame.—I must draw a veil over the scenes that followed. He is now lying, exhausted from his violent convulsions and at his last gasp; yet, from every indication perceptible on his ghastly, clammy, countenance. From his clenched fists and the quivering

of his lips, it is plain that he is still tortured by that Fiend who has throughout life been his tormentor. Had he been born a day labourer, he would have found many compensations for the hardships of his lot; but, bred up a wealthy nobleman and cursed with ambition, he has known but misery.—Adieu, my Friend, I must to Louise, not a moment's rest has she had,—she must be relieved."

So saying, he hurried away and our Hero was left to his own reflections. He now beheld completely overcast that day, which he had hailed as the brightest in his calendar.

The uncertainty of human affairs is a common topic for declamation; yet to the instability of our situation in this world are we indebted for the source of our well

being: It is the parent of *hope* and *fear*.—These are

> Life's brisk incentives,
> Which else would be but one dull, dismal, round
> Of animal and grovelling offices;
> Like dormant waters, by heaven's breezy stirrings,
> Unvisited and unrefreshed. *Anon.*

And, constituted as we are, happiness would become misery, were it to last for ever.

However, this train of reflections did not prevent him from sending twice that day to enquire after the patient's health. The answers were that he was still breathing.—Early the next morning, he heard that the Count de Clermont was no more.

Domville certainly never felt much predeliction for the old Count, too dissimilar were their dispositions: the rigid bigotry

of the one could not harmonize with the toleration, perhaps too lax, of the other. Yet it was the father of Henry and Louisa de Clermont that then had died, as such, he received the news of his death, as if he himself had lost a parent.

The slight sensation this event created in the political atmosphere of the Court of the Tuileries could hardly be called by that name: nor could the sentiments entertained of the departed nobleman be deemed honorable to his memory. By those of his own party he was more feared than beloved, and by their opponents more hated than feared: and so little was a life, out of which fifty years were spent in actual services, missed by the world, that with the exception of his relatives and dependants, this staunch and indefatigable Royalist was forgotten by

both friends and foes, before his remains were consigned to the earth.

The day after the funeral, our Englishman went to pay a visit of condolence to the family. He had longed for an opportunity, he felt that an age had gone by since the presence of Miss de Clermont had blessed his sight. At the gate he met her brother booted and spurred, in the act of getting upon his horse, who received him with every cordial demonstration.—

"Go in, my Friend; endeavour to console Louise for my absence. It is only for a week. But, added he smiling, I give you timely caution. *Prenez garde. Ma sœur est une friponne qui a escamoté bien des cœurs; mais probablement le votre est pré-occupé par quelque belle Anglaise, en ce cas, entrez—vous pouvez la braver impunément.*"

They then shook hands: Henry began his journey and Mr. Domville, although conscious that his heart was not defended by any such a safe-guard as love for *une belle Anglaise* would have afforded him, continued rashly to venture in the presence of Miss de Clermont.

Where the soil is genial, there luxuriates the Plant.—Where the channel is unobstructed, there flows the Stream.—Where flowers diffuse their fragrance, there the Bee collects its sweets.—And where Beauty is *Loveliness*, therein delights the heart of Man.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HEART ACHE.

THE motive for Henry's journey into the Country was to ascertain the amount of the property left him by his father's demise. This information we will now concisely lay before the Reader.

The lust of power was not the only inducement that had prompted the late Count to claim a share in the then admin-

istration. Since the restoration of the present King, he had spared no expense in order to appear at court in a state of splendor suitable to his rank, yet of his alienated estates but an inconsiderable portion had been recovered. His chief endeavours, in conjunction with the other *Ultras*, was to obtain from the Throne the promulgation of an *Edict*, tending to declare illegal the former sale of the national domains: the effect of which would have probably enabled him to recover the possession of his immense terratorial property. Wiser counsels were followed, so that the disappointed Count, on the rejection of his tendered services and the dismissal of many of his party, perceived at once the full extent of his calamity. Instead of stepping into power, as a prelude to the regaining of his affluence, he suddenly became a powerless, ruined man.

This double mortification proved too much for his weak frame.—He sunk under it.

When the present Count de Clermont, or Henry de Solignac, as we shall still continue to call him, had collected every information that could elucidate his affairs, he readily and cheerfully, but without the bustle of ostentation and with his sister's full concurrence, followed that course which honesty, in its widest latitude, prescribes. Plate, jewels—every article of value, and by far the greater of his landed property, were sold for the liquidation of debts, many of which he was not compelled *legally* to discharge.—Then, having provided comfortably for old Blondin, attended by his faithful Sister, to the only spot on earth they could now call their own, he * * * * *

* * * * * *

But it is high time we should return to Domville. Indeed, so far as we have gone, we fear that professed Critics will accuse us of having mistaken the Hero of the tale, and that *our* Hero is no hero at all. To which latter charge we, at once, plead—— *Guilty*.

The opportunity our Englishman had of viewing Miss de Clermont in some of the most trying and interesting situations in which a young female could be placed, had given stability to his affection, rooted as it was in that esteem, which is derived from every moral consideration a sane judgment could form. But, in addition to the usual diffidence of a real lover, a most powerful objection prevented a declaration of his sentiments on his part.

Judging from appearances, he considered the Lady to be in affluent circumstances:

his own he knew were the very reverse. Another consideration now startled him.— Since the brother's return, his visits had been as frequent as before; but the sister invariably abstained from making her appearance.

Whilst he was, one morning, ruminating in his chamber on that unaccountable alteration in her conduct, he received the following letter.

Dear Sir,

By the time that you receive this, we shall be on our way from the capital If we are not greatly deceived in the steadiness of our inclination, years will elapse before we intend to re-visit it, the keen regret we feel in parting from one, who has done us services so very essential, is much aggravated by the little probability

of meeting you again, as circumstances compel us to keep concealed the place of our future residence. With every wish for your prosperity, we both remain, with unabated gratitude,

Dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged,

Humble Servants,

Henri Solignac de Clermont,

Louise Adele de Clermont.

How often do friends, where they intend a kindness, inflict a wound! The above missive so stultified Domville that some time elapsed before he clearly understood its disconsolating import: neither was he immediately able to think and to act for himself. On emerging from his stupor, he exhausted all his ingenuity in order to divine the motives that prompted this

departure and concealment, both so very unexpected; but to no purpose. He then hurried to the hotel in hopes of gaining some intelligence. Every door was secured and the closed shutters showed through the panes their dismal, dingy, hue, except where placards were pasted between, notifying in large characters.

Hotel á Louer. On s'addressera au Sieur Jerome Noel, No. 62, Rue St. Germain.

Thither he sped, almost hopeless of any intelligence, yet not knowing where else to apply to.

Monsieur Noel received him with that sort of civility generally shewn to those whom we expect to deal with. It soon appeared, however. that there was between them no rallying point.—The one wanted to dispose of the hotel, the other to hear from its late occupiers: they therefore very

soon parted. Yet, as trouble taken is seldom wholly lost, the inquirer obtained the information that the residence, which he supposed belonged to the Clermont family, was only a hired one.

As his last and best resource, he now called on Madame Jodelle; the good woman was deeply grieved for the family's removal, but even from her the place of their intended residence was kept a secret. She had indeed heard of the sale of some of the property, but such particulars she was careful not to disclose, because she knew that the knowledge of similar expedients generally tend to lower those who resort to them in the estimation of their acquaintance: and she was too zealous for the credit of her Benefactrice, not to do her best in *keeping up appearances.*

As the only consolation in his present

lamentable plight, Domville spent some time with her in doleful confabulation, echoing sighs; the one weeping, raving the other; alternately descanting on the amiable qualifications, moral and personal, of the two Absentees, in a manner not unlike the responses that regularly follow each other in a legitimate eclogue. In such topics our Hero had full leisure to indulge; his time was his own and, really at the present juncture, he was fit for nothing better. But our Laundress had more important occupations *compulsorily* on her hands, to wit, herself and family to feed, cloth and shelter. The unremitting labor, indispensable for the attainment of these requisites, blunted the edge of sorrow, and allowed but little scope for its expansion.

Not so our Idler, himself his whole family, with means to boot, as yet provided by

others for his exigencies. In consequence, a host of griefs invaded his heart. It was then an open, undefended, country, easily over-run.

After rambling about the city, a solitary being among crowds, a wretched mortal in the midst of its festive multitudes, he returned to his lodgings, shut himself in, and brooded for hours over his misfortunes as he called them, in all the luxury of woe. The many years enjoyment were over-looked, in order repiningly to dwell on this particular, and like all others, transient affliction. Like a thankless Receiver by whom, because one obligation is denied, all previous ones are deemed cancelled.

Then in a wrathful fit, starting up and pacing up and down the apartment, he reproachfully cried out.

"After all I have done, is it come to this? Is this the reward for the pains I have taken, for the services I have rendered? The only return is that of being slighted and forsaken.—Unjust Louise! Ungrateful Henry!—"

Infatuated Man! It is you that are both unjust and ungrateful. Instead of claiming any return for those good offices, how *thankful* ought you to feel, *even now*, that, of all your contemporaries, Providence selected *you* for the performance.

Further senseless ebulitions of rage ensued.

"It is too much! Life is not bearable at this rate—nor *will* I bear it."

He then glanced at the river in view and then at his pistols: but, like the Ass in the Pedant's story, placed between two portions of oats, so exactly equal in quan-

tity and equality, that, the Animal undetermined on which to feed, left them both untouched. So our despairing Lover, unable to make a selection of either of these two eligible modes of abrupt, final, exit, was fain to submit his shoulders, a little longer, to the *intolerable* burden of life.

> Le Trepas vient tout guérir;
> Mais ne bougeons d'ou *nous* sommes.
> *Plutot souffrir que mourir,*
> C'est la device des hommes. LA FONTAINE.

And, in order that this same burden be more heavily felt, our self tormentor continued to immure himself in his chamber, feed his melancholy thoughts, by brooding over the dark side of the picture, relieving now and then the monotony of the scene, by *pulling* wry faces, biting his nails, uttering passionate exclamations, stamping the boards and clenching his fists, which

in the more violent paroxisms, would now and then visit, rather too roughly, the human face divine."

It was high time such foolish pranks should terminate. The sense of one calamity is often mitigated by the effect of another. Some *good* news (for such in his present situation it may be termed) arrived; and our old acquaintance, Counsellor Nathaniel Cranbourne, is the informant. The learned gentleman's notification was thus concisely worded.

Sir,

A quarter of the annuity, which I have hitherto regularly remitted to you, would be due on the present Monday; but, as your brother, the *late* Earl of Domville, left no effects nor directions for the payment thereof, that payment I conceive myself

warranted to withhold, until I receive, from his Executors, further instructions on that head.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Mr. Domville opened the letter in full expectation of touching the usual remittance, but instead, the information he derived from its perusal was such as to enforce on his mind a conviction, that he was now suddenly reduced to a situation much more approximate to Madame Jodelle's, and to that of millions of other human beings; inasmuch as since he, after mature deliberation, had most philosophically determined to live on in this world of troubles, ways and means must be resorted to for the sustenance of life, every other individual having again suffered the task to devolve on himself. That task he at length undertook, but at first with a very ill grace, re-

newing at intervals his raving fits, ungraciously vituperating the wholesome, arousing, epistle and its learned Inditer; nor was he very sparing of opprobious epithets to his defunct brother. But as necessity, like death, proceeds in her strait forward work "with a dull, cold, ear," silent or queremonious, he was dragged along in her train.

Amongst other worldly matters, now to be thought of, he had to ascertain the amount of his resources, I mean the quantum of *cash* left, how much out of it was due, how much would be required for a conveyance to London, and how much for the attendant expences. Then followed the bustle of settling accounts, of packing up, of taking leave, in which act Mr. and Mrs. Renaud and Madame Jodelle were not forgotten, and early one fine morning,

our *Hero* still, though much less discon
late, stepped into the *Diligence*, which
was heard heavily rolling along the
road to Calais.

As some Explorer of mountainious
gions who, in his ascent towards the su
mit of a lofty peak, meeting, at a conven
ent distance, with a spot of safe, leve
footing, on that station makes a halt, in
in order to fetch breath, look about him,
and view the extent and the remainder of
his labour.—So we, in this up-hill work,
(may the Reader, on the contrary, find it a
pleasant descent,) deem the close of the last
paragraph a proper place to put a period to
this, the second Volume, in order that, after
a short respite, we might enter upon the
third and last with renovated vigour.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

